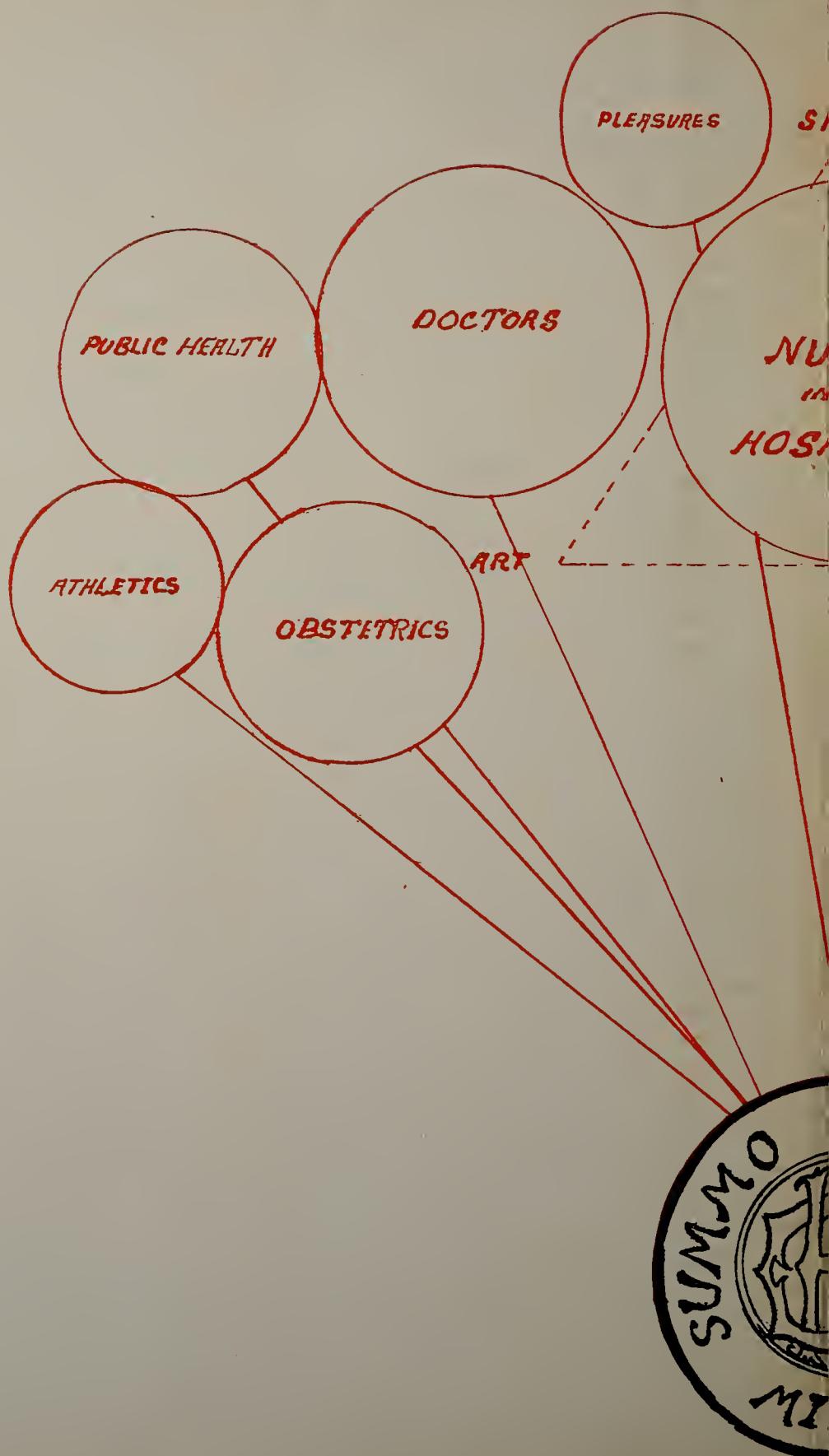


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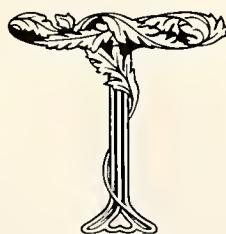
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THE TOWER

VOLUME I



Published by the
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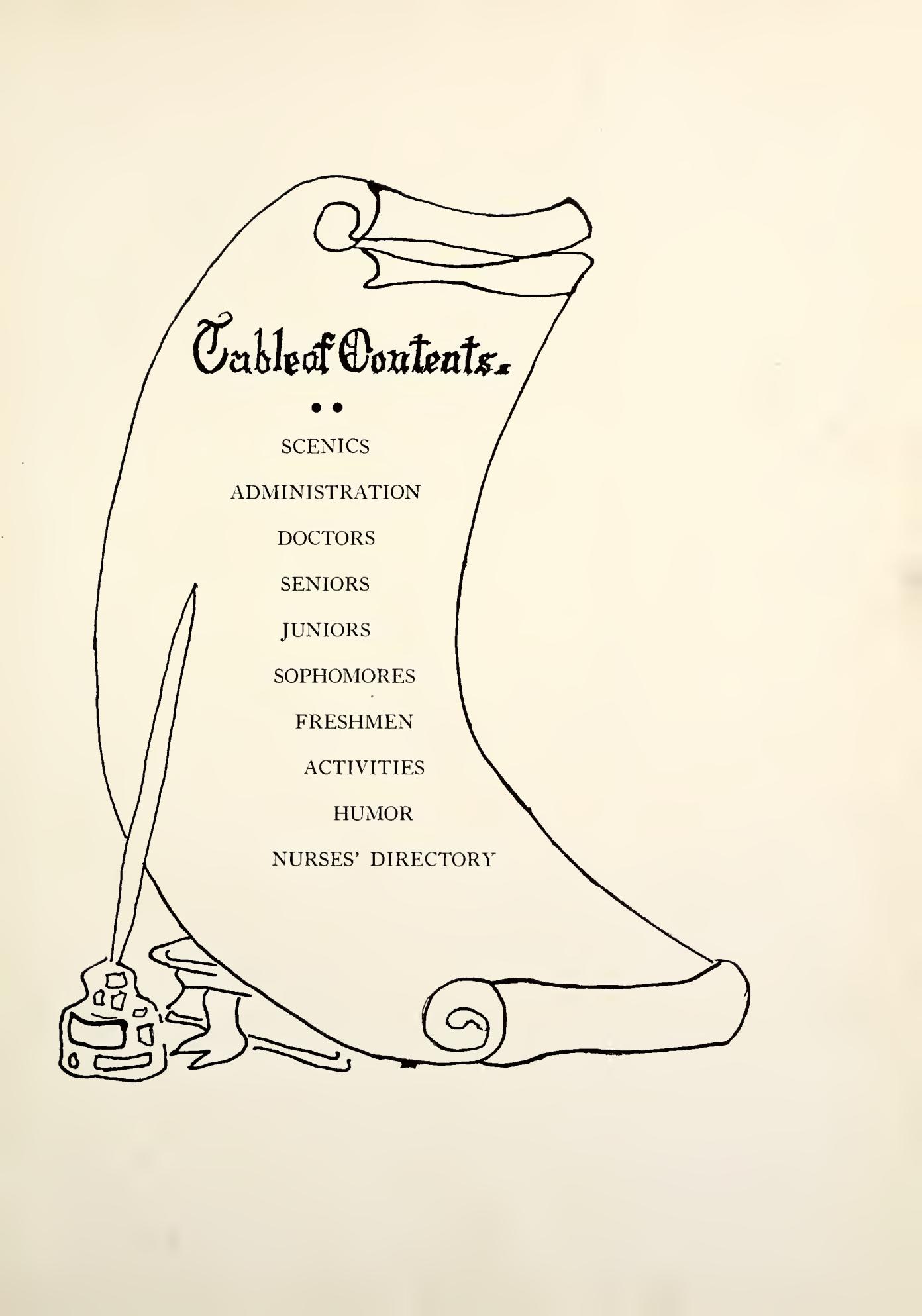


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DOROTHY WILLIAMS WOODWARD

Dedication

*Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.*

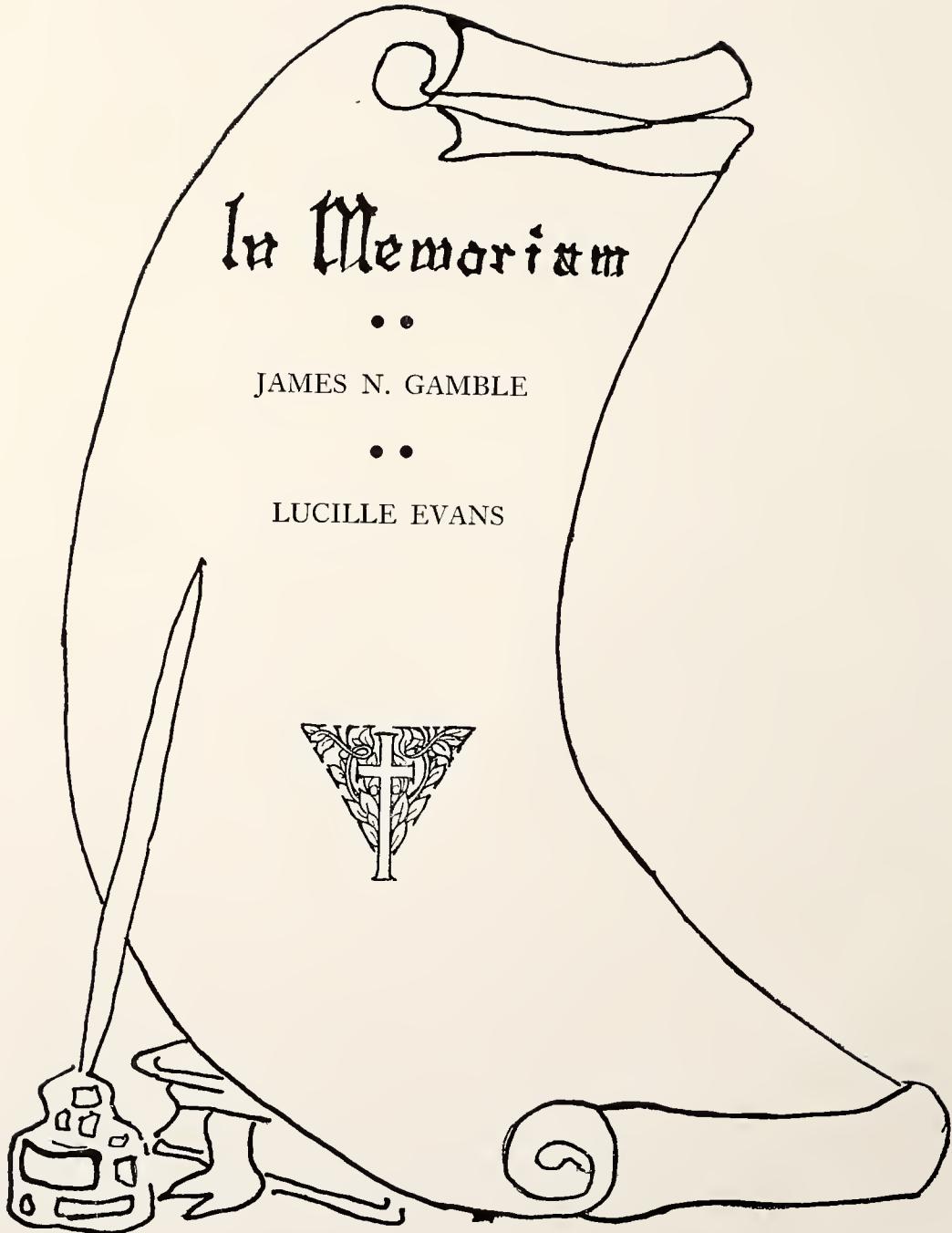
—MILTON, “Paradise Lost.”

Foreword

May this book of my friends be a reminder, not only of pleasures we have shared, but of an ideal as well.

I wish for the school and its graduating class every success.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS WOODWARD



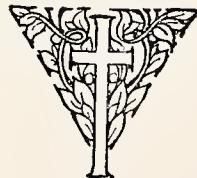
In Memoriam

..

JAMES N. GAMBLE

..

LUCILLE EVANS





JAMES N. GAMBLE

1836 - 1932



LUCILLE EVANS

Suspiria

THE spirit shivers, yet it were a mock
To dream, when once has fled the breath,
That prayer can still the lips of Fate unlock,
Or tears avail to ransom Love from Death.

*At last has fallen from the destined cloud
The shadow that has severed thee and me;
Who seeks thy face must now uplift the shroud
That veils thy sleep in life's deep mystery.*

*In solitary darkness shall the clay
Renew its primal kinship with the sod,
When seemed its living beauty yesterday
The dwelling-place of angels and of God?*

*This is the end of all, so delve the grave:
The dirge to-morrow and the funeral pall,
And then this little plot that Death will crave;
So, delve the grave, this is the end of all.*

*“Ashes to ashes”—as the accents die
That give to mortal grief a voice sublime,
The clod falls echoing, and thou and I
Have shaken hands upon the verge of time.*

*Sea of Eternity! will prophet tell
How fare the loved that seek thy silent shore?
Would fain they whisper, “Brief is love's farewell,”
Or “Life and love, farewell for evermore!”*

—WILBUR DUBOIS.

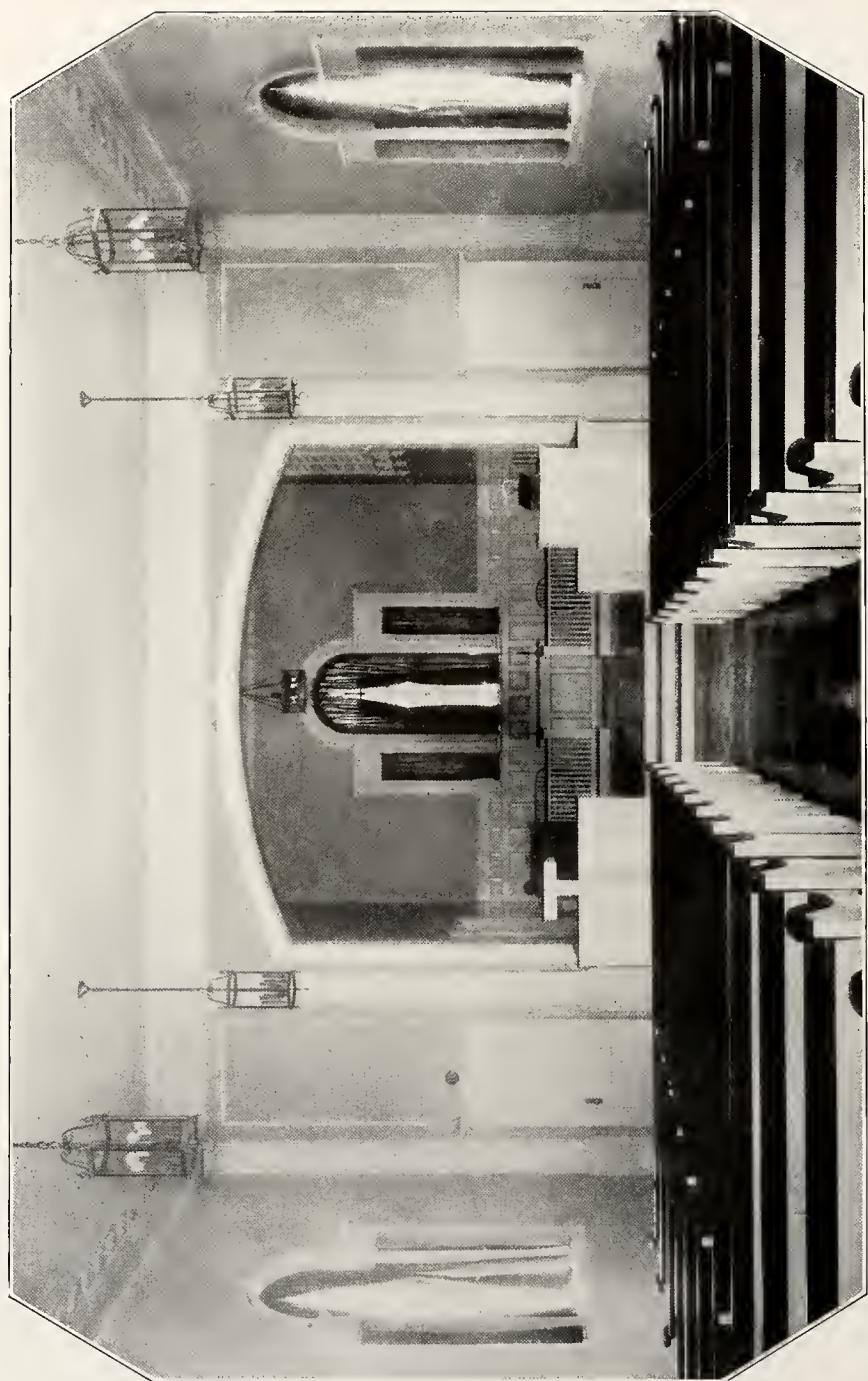


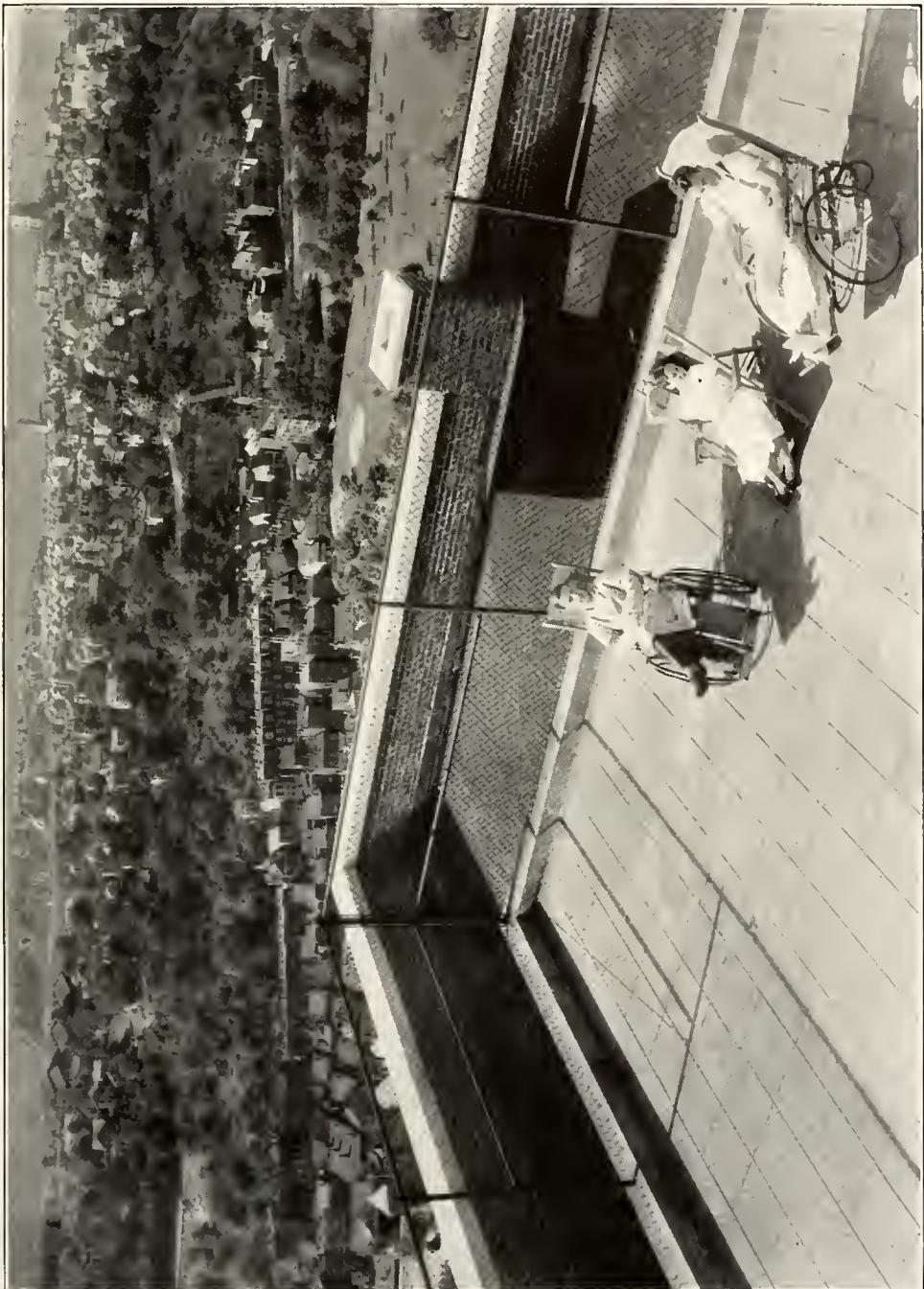


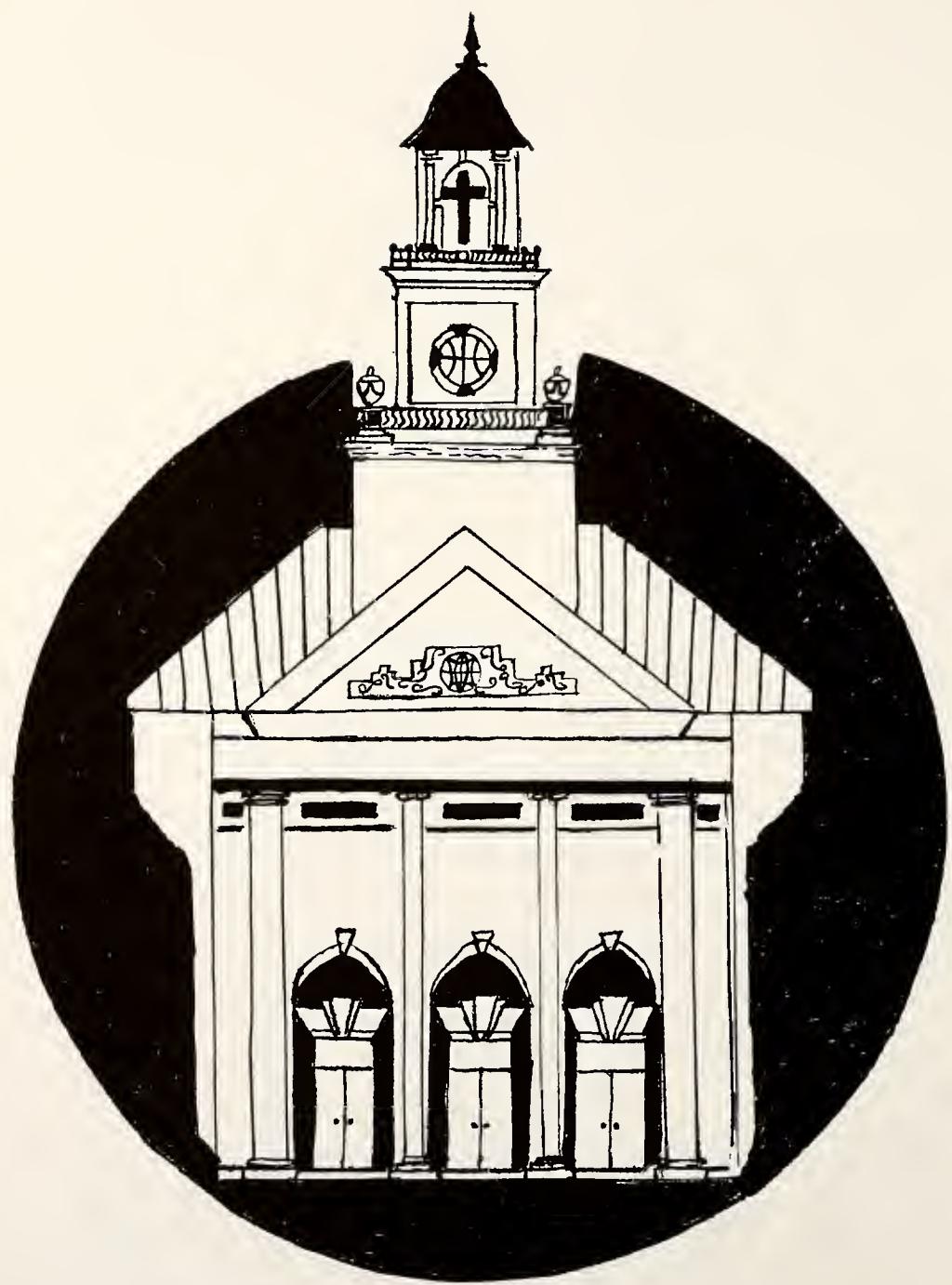




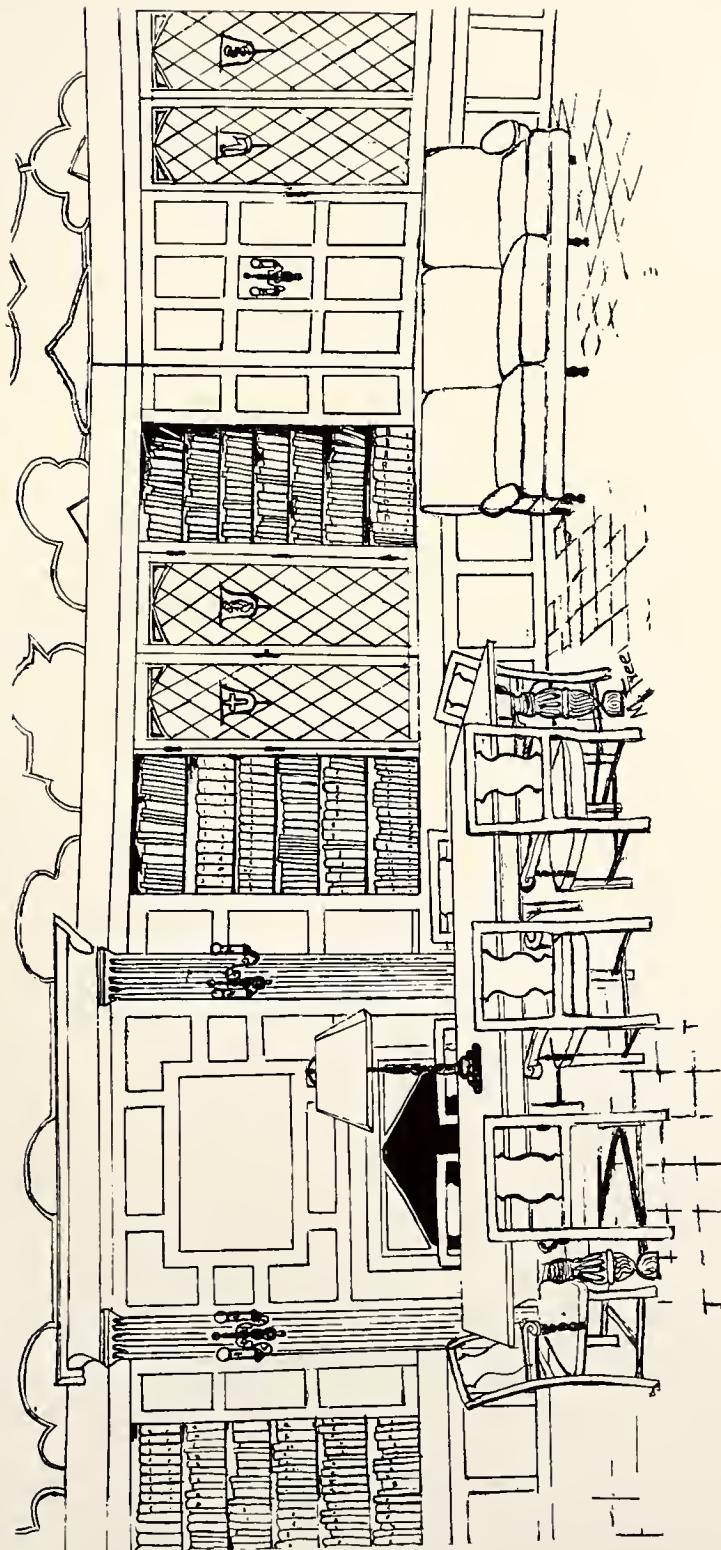








M. Trautman



Was It a Dream?

IHAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT, or was it a dream? I saw a book of scarlet color before me—the title? The silver letters stood out, as if eager to announce the name—THE TOWER.

I turned back the cover and was lost in a Sea of Memories. “When fond recollections presented to view” Christ Hospital, high on a hill, a beacon of light throughout the ages. I remember back in 1933 how eager the girls of that school were to create a book, a memory that would live. I closed the book. Was it a dream or a reality?

Quoting Thomas Hood, I mused aloud:

“Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic scheme
Are something more than fiction.”

—THE EDITOR.





THE REV. CARROLL H. LEWIS
Executive Director



MISS BERTHA BEECHER
Assistant Director



MISS CLARA JOHNSON
Second Assistant Director



MISS HELEN LEADER
Superintendent of Nurses



MISS LETTIE CHRISTENSON
Assistant Superintendent of Nurses



MISS ANNA PHAIR
Instructor



MISS ALICE HARTLEY
Instructor



MISS EMMELINE MATHEWS
Instructor



MISS MURIEL HOLLE, B.S.
Chief Dietitian and Instructor



SUPERVISORS

First Row, reading left to right: Miss Antrobus, Miss Bingold, Miss Pratt, Miss Yoder, Miss Montague, Miss McClusky. *Second Row:* Miss Mathews, Miss Mason, Miss Manthy, Miss Thompson, Miss Braley, Miss Gardner, Miss Davis, Miss Gwilliams. *Third Row:* Miss Feinauer, Miss Loughman, Miss Lemke, Miss Swinford, Miss Miller, Miss Geppinger, Miss Venn, Miss Hesslar, Miss Welch. *Last Row:* Miss Porter, Miss Hartley, Miss Phair, Miss Leader, Miss Barbour, Miss Christenson, Miss Fields, Miss Acomb.

DIETITIANS



Left to right: Miss Robinson, Miss Thomas, Miss Holle, Miss Lipp.





First Row, reading left to right: Dr. Irving Schroth, Dr. A. G. Beyer, Dr. J. F. Bateman, Dr. H. L. Sutt, Dr. J. W. McCammon, Dr. Henry Freiberg, Dr. W. O. Ramsey, Dr. Paul Sutton, Dr. H. H. Hawgart, Dr. V. B. Roberts, Dr. Ben L. Bryant. *Second Row:* Dr. O. P. Holt, Dr. C. G. Crisler, Dr. Frank E. Fee, Dr. David A. Tucker, Jr., Dr. E. W. Mitchell, Dr. Wm. S. Keller, Dr. Wm. M. Doughty, Dr. J. L. Tucker, Dr. J. C. Oliver, Dr. Elizabeth Campbell, Dr. Wm. Clark, Dr. C. L. Bonfield, Dr. Clarence King, Dr. H. K. Dunham, Dr. Dudley W. Palmer, Dr. H. L. Woodward, Dr. Wm. Mitchoer, Dr. Charles A. Langdale, Dr. Paul Cassidy, Dr. J. H. Skavlem, Dr. M. F. McCarthy, Dr. Reed A. Shank, Dr. E. O. Swartz, Dr. Elmer A. Klein, Dr. H. M. Goodyear, Dr. V. B. Dalton, Dr. H. L. Claassen, Dr. Frank M. Coppock, Dr. C. C. Jones, Dr. A. W. Foertmeyer, Dr. Symmes Oliver

Memories

DR. COFIELD—Dignity always.

DR. TUCKER—I take my stethoscope in hand.

DR. KEILEY—Freudism rules the world.

DRS. J. C. AND SYMMES OLIVER—“Me and My Shadow.”

DR. COLTERS—Interest in “The Babies.”

DR. MITCHELL—Our Father of Medicine.

DR. CRISLER—“A New Webster.”

DR. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL—Colonic flushes B.i.d.

DR. FEE—20 gtt. per minute.

DR. LANGDALE—Busy and capable.

DR. PALMER—“Anticipate the Doctor’s wants.”

DR. REPS—A smile will go a long, long way.

DR. SCHRIVER—Home is where the heart is.

DR. SHANK—Sportsmanship.

DR. FIHE—Diet and be happy.

DR. RAMEY—No Lab. work unless ordered by *me*.

DR. TUECHTER—“Our protuechter.”

DR. STITT—“Watchdog of the Lung.”

DR. DOUGHTY—The man who sees through you.

DR. DUNHAM—Bed rest!!

DRS. MITHOEFER AND BYRANT—Champion story-tellers (Boston Ether).

DR. GOODYEAR—May I have a tray, please? ?

DR. HAGGART—Don’t let them suffer!!!

DR. ROBERTS—A stitch in time saves nine!

DR. KLEIN—Prevent deformity.

DR. CLAASSEN—It is a small, circumscribed, autionoculable, epidermal, papillary growth of variable size, shape, and consistency . . . ? ? ?

DR. CLARK—Ever had an anaesthetic before?

DR. DOWNING—The babies cry for him.

DR. MCKIM—How are all the boys to-day?

DR. P. SMITH—Say, Bess, will you get that man in the treatment room right away, please?

DR. E. O. SWARTZ—Let a smile be your umbrella and you’ll never get wet.

DR. JOHNSON—Courtesy itself.

DR. PICKEREL—Personality +.

DR. SUTTON—Kindness and lots of it.

DR. JONES—Little but mighty.

DR. McCARTHY—*Technique!!!*

DR. TANGEMAN—A little German is a big help now and then.

DR. PIERCE—Feed the baby all it wants.

DR. WOODWARD—He delivereth.

DR. GILLESPIE—His inspirations are expressed in verse.

DR. FOERTMEYER—It depends upon the neurone.

DR. DALTON—One little tooth can cause a lot of trouble.

DR. COPPOCK—Answer that red light.

DR. LAPSLEY—N.S.S. q. 4 hrly.

DR. CASSIDY—Let’s get a new set of teeth.

DR. MILLER—“Me and my nurse.”

DR. WILLIS—Have you heard this one? ? ? ?

DR. LILLARD—Well, how are all my girls to-day?

DR. FULLERTON—Never mind, Slats will get here in a few minutes.

DR. SCHRATH—This looks like necrotic tissue.

DR. CRUDGINGTON—Keep the stitches dry.

DR. VENTRESS—What the well-dressed man of 1934 will wear.

DR. BATEMAN—These are all nurses, Lillie. Do you want to say something to them.

DR. McCAMMON—Can you feel that muscle spasm?

DR. LINDNER—I guess we’ll get our reward in heaven.

DR. RUSH—Have a dressing tray at 4 o’clock.

DR. MARTIN—“The Students’ Friend.”

—F. HOWSER, '33.

INTERNES

Things we'll never forget.

DR. HANNAH—Neat appearance

DR. WHITEHOUSE—Effort to grow a mustache.

DR. HOWARD—Doing dressings at midnight.

DR. ELLERBROOK—Reading detective stories.

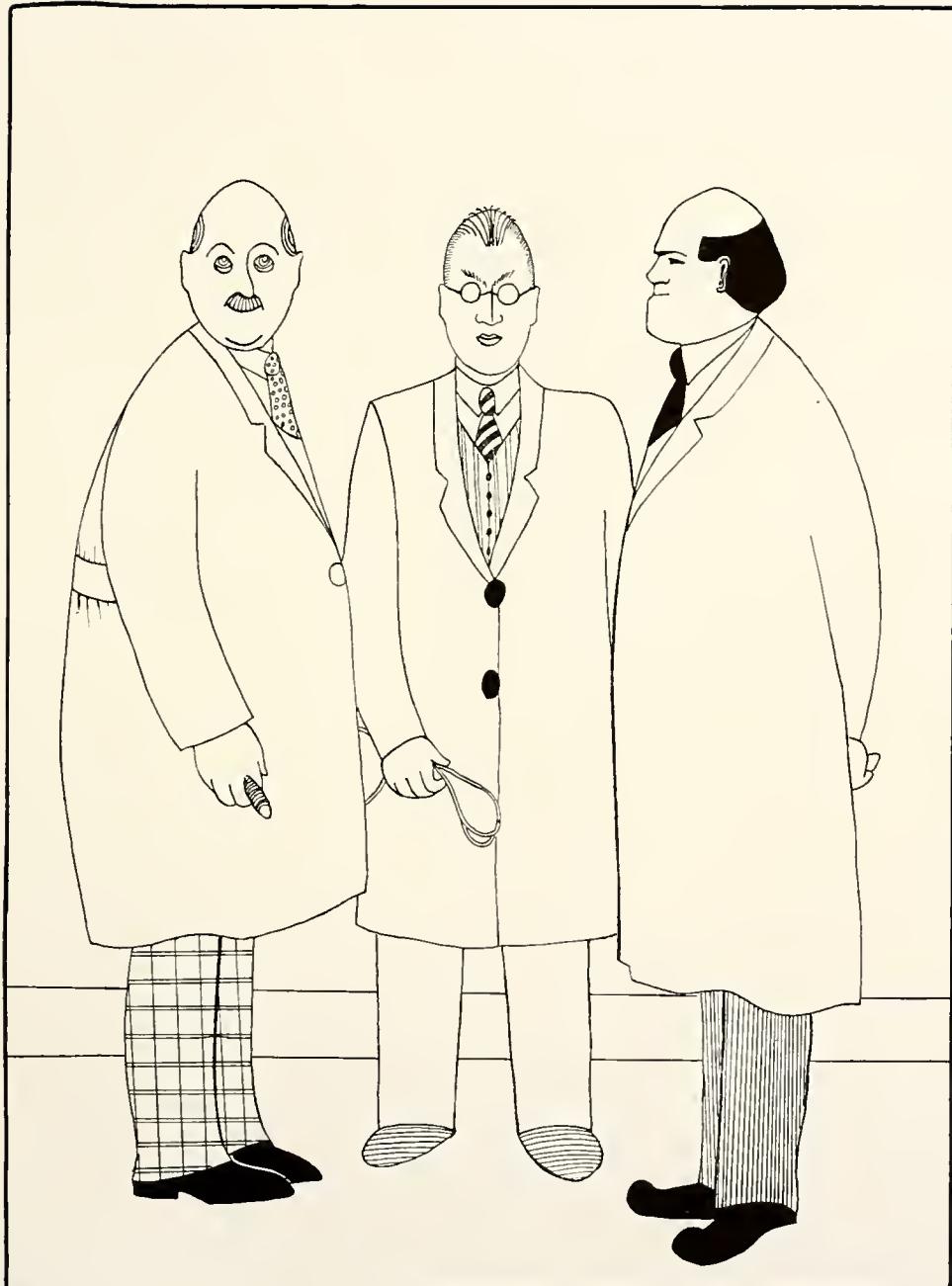
DR. SHRODER—Buying groceries at Kroger’s.

DR. HATTENDORF—As the “Big Medical Man.”

DR. KEEN—Patience.

DR. HILSINGER—“I resent that”

—F. HOWSER, '33.



WHO ARE THEY?



KENT E. MARTIN, M.D.
House Physician 1932-1933

IT HAS BEEN SAID that we of the healing professions compose a group of idealists, the like of which can be equalled by none other. Idealists? Yes; for we are constantly endeavoring to conquer or prevent disease and thus actually narrow the field of our activity; and we are constantly endeavoring to attain the unattainable—the defeat of death.

The patriarchs of our profession who, in the past three centuries laid the foundations for the present structure of modern medicine, carried ever before them these ideals. The pioneer doctors and nurses on entering the Ohio Valley brought with them the same ideals, implanted them here, and from them has grown a medical center of world renown.

The little group who forty-five years ago met at 50 York Street to organize a hospital, was motivated by the same ideals, the outcome of which has been the growth of an institution which is now second to none. Those who at present direct our organization, and those who professionally serve it, are still guided by the same principles, the practical application of which is best exemplified by a statement in our last annual report, that in the past year ". . . not one patient needing the service of this institution was turned away any hour of the day or night before we had done for that patient all that we could do for him."

Let us, who are just entering the field of our chosen work, carry ever before us the examples that have been set by our predecessors, so that, when our work has been finished, it may not be said that the professions have been injured by reason of our membership in them.

—DR. MARTIN.



INTERNES—1932-1933

G. T. KEEN

GASTON B. HANNAH
GLEN A. HATTENDORF

L. NULL SHRODER

GEORGE F. ELLERBROOK

RAYMOND L. HILSINGER

STANLEY W. WHITEHOUSE

CHARLES L. HOWARD

Medical Staff of The Christ Hospital

OFFICERS

DR. R. B. COFIELD.....*President*
DR. DAVID A. TUCKER.....*Vice-President*
DR. CHARLES KIELY.....*Secretary*

SENIOR STAFF

Surgery

DR. J. C. OLIVER
628 Elm Street

Obstetrics

DR. L. S. COLTER
3410 Clifton Avenue

Internal Medicine

DR. ALLYN C. POOLE
2906 Woodburn Avenue
DR. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
2404 Auburn Avenue
DR. E. W. MITCHELL
4 West Seventh Street
DR. ERWIN O. STRAHLER, SR.
516 Provident Bank Building

CONSULTING STAFF

Physician

DR. O. P. HOLT
134 West Ninth Street

Pediatrics

DR. E. A. WAGNER
3144 Jefferson Avenue

Psychiatry

DR. EMERSON A. NORTH
312 West Ninth Street

DR. ALBERT J. BELL
Kemper Lane Building

ATTENDING STAFF

Surgery

DR. FRANK E. FEE
22 West Seventh Street

DR. C. G. CRISLER
1019 Carew Tower

DR. DUDLEY PALMER
707 Race Street

DR. SYMMES OLIVER
628 Elm Street

DR. CHARLES A. LANGDALE
1911 Union Central Building

DR. REED A. SHANK
Union Central Building

DR. L. H. SCHRIVER
Doctors Building

Internal Medicine

DR. J. L. TUECHTER
19 Garfield Place

DR. DAVID A. TUCKER
4 West Seventh Street

DR. C. C. FIHE
Doctors Building

DR. W. O. RAMEY
4 West Seventh Street

DR. J. H. SKAVLEM
Union Central Building

DR. HUBERT SHOOK
707 Race Street

MEDICAL STAFF—*Continued*

Orthopedics

DR. R. B. COFIELD
19 West Seventh Street
DR. ELMER A. KLEIN
19 West Seventh Street

Pediatrics

DR. B. HOYER
1404 East McMillan Street
DR. HAROLD T. DOWNING
2617 Vine Street

Ophthalmology

DR. WILLIAM S. KELLER
Groton Building
DR. CLARENCE KING
Union Central Building

Roentgenology

DR. WILLIAM M. DOUGHTY
628 Elm Street
DR. H. K. DUNHAM
Union Central Building

Dentistry

DR. PAUL CASSIDY
759 Doctors Building
DR. V. B. DALTON
535 Doctors Building

Dermatology

DR. GEORGE HOLT
63 Groton Building
DR. H. L. CLAASSEN
Provident Bank Building

Obstetrics

DR. H. L. WOODWARD
1 Melrose Building
DR. WM. GILLESPIE
Melrose Building
DR. JAMES PIERCE
22 West Seventh Street

Neuro-Surgery

DR. JOHN A. CALDWELL
707 Race Street

Neurology

DR. CHARLES KIELY
707 Race Street
DR. A. W. FOERTMEYER
505 Walnut Street

Genito-Urinary

DR. GORDON F. MCKIM
1908 Union Central Building
DR. PARKE G. SMITH
1908 Union Central Building
DR. E. O. SWARTZ
Doctors Building

Anaesthesia

DR. WILLIAM CLARK
3058 Madison Road, Oakley

Oto-Laryngology

DR. H. M. GOODYEAR
Doctors Building
DR. HORACE TANGEMAN
606 Union Central Building
DR. C. C. JONES
Doctors Building
DR. WM. MITHOEFER
19 Garfield Place
DR. M. F. McCARTHY
Union Central Building
DR. BEN. L. BRYANT
19 Garfield Place
DR. H. H. HAGGART
Doctors Building

Gynecology

DR. JOHN D. MILLER
214 Doctors Building
DR. FRANK M. COPPOCK
614 Union Central Building

MEDICAL STAFF—*Continued*

DR. INEZ LAPSLEY
628 Elm Street

DR. V. B. ROBERTS
The Auburndale, 2508 Auburn Ave.

JUNIOR STAFF

Surgery

DR. B. C. WILLIS
Carew Tower
DR. LLOYD B. JOHNSON
707 Race Street
DR. PAUL W. SUTTON
Doctors Building
DR. FRED PICKEREL
3092 Madison Road

DR. GEORGE B. HEIDELMAN
Doctors Building

Medicine

DR. FRANK W. CASE
2750 Erie Avenue
DR. O. H. BAUMES
Montgomery and Ridge
DR. IRVING SCHROTH
3120 Burnet Avenue
DR. H. R. FULLERTON
3346 Harrison Avenue

Oto-Laryngology

DR. ARTHUR G. BEYER
12 Garfield Place
DR. H. L. STITT
656 Doctors Building

Genito-Urinary

DR. HENRY FREIBERG
Doctors Building
DR. T. W. RUSH
2300 Auburn Avenue

Obstetrics

DR. R. L. CRUDGINGTON
The Auburndale, 2508 Auburn Ave.
DR. W. H. VENTRESS
4320 Montgomery Road, Norwood

Ophthalmology

DR. DERRICK T. VAIL, Jr.
Carew Tower
DR. ALBERT BROWN
Doctors Building

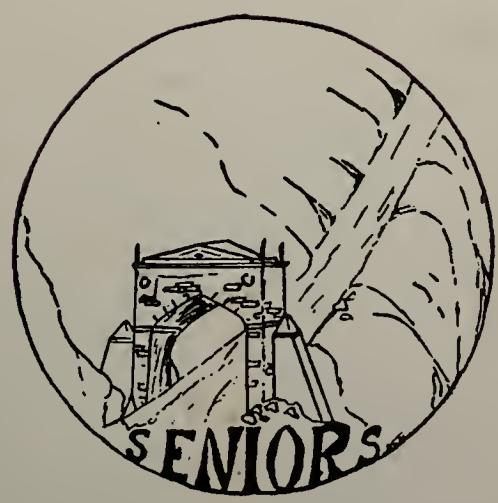
Dentistry

DR. EDWARD L. BALL
Doctors Building
DR. CARL H. STRICKER
Doctors Building

Orthopedics

DR. J. W. McCAMMON
707 Race Street





Adventure---Fors vital iter dicit

(Adventure directs the journey of life)

THE OTHER DAY I attended a woman's tea where the most wealthy and outstanding society women were wont to display their tucks, frills, and perfumed laces. The rumor broke out and spread like fire that our hostess was entertaining us by the presentation of Madame Aglaverali, the famous gypsy fortune teller. When she appeared in a cloak similar to Joseph's multi-colored coat and her neck and arms bedecked with ropes of beads and trinkets, several questions stared me in the face. What could she know of my future? If I were a creature of God's making, how could she, a human being like myself, tell me the future's secrets!

While the other women, who in their bubbles of surprised joys and sorrows were sounding forth both voices of praise and complaint, clustered about her, I withdrew to think it out for myself. It seemed to me that any knowledge of the future that would destroy one's curiosity would be bought at a dear price. The most persistent element of interest in life is the element of adventure. There is that shut door. We peep at the keyhole and think we see things, but what is on the other side of that door no man knows. The great adventure! It is on the other side of the door. Some day we shall each open the door and behold new tasks and pleasures. When shall I meet it: To-day? To-morrow?

"I wonder the day of the year,
I wonder the hour of the day!"

I sometimes think that people were not so far in the wrong when they punished witches and magicians with death in those days when such seers were believed to tell the truth, for to foretell to-morrow is to take away the zest of living to-day. To positively know the future would make us hard. Dogmatists, who assert they know, lose a certain flavor, for they have ceased to be adventurers. The soul's finest food is mystery, which makes nobleness of mind and gives elevation to our view.

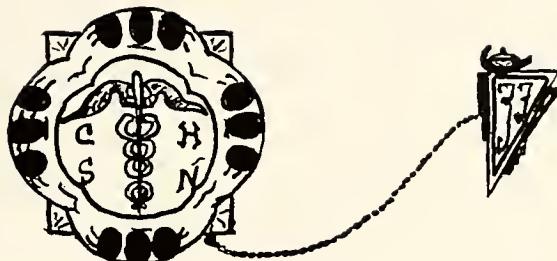
A newspaper publishes the news of yesterday and to-day, and it is harmless enough; but if one should print the news of to-morrow, it would ruin the human race. Every day is a surprise, and the one thing of which we are sure is the unexpected. I stand on the prow of to-day. An eager Columbus, peering into the uncharted sea of to-morrow. Life is a continuous voyage of discovery. It has in it the fun of a game, even at its worst, and if anyone would tell me the end of it all, he would be as intolerable a nuisance as the person who has read the novel I am in the midst of reading and insists on telling me how it ends.

Suddenly I was stirred from my fancies by the appearance of a white-capped maid pushing a tea wagon. I was then to leave my arguments for a later time and resume the current conversation with Lady Beaumont, who approached me. Had I heard the latest scandal about Mrs. Morrow's daughter? Did I know that Don Burke, the popular bachelor, was being attentive to our own Mary Wellesly.

—D. SMITH, '33.



CLASS OF '33



Titian Turner

CLASS FLOWER—
American Beauty Rose.

CLASS COLORS—
Scarlet and Silver.

CLASS MOTTO—
“Live not to thyself alone.”



CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	MARY M. ANDERSON
Vice-President.....	ALMA MCKAY
Secretary.....	SARA HOPKINS
Treasurer.....	RUTH LANTER

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES

DIAMOND WARNER	MIRIAM HIENZ
MARIAN SETZER	



MARY M. ANDERSON

*Glee Club, 1931-32-33
Secretary Student Council, 1932
President, 1933*

"Is she kind as she is fair,
For Beauty lives with kindness."

—Wm. Shakespeare.



MARY L. BEATTY

*Annual Staff, 1933
Glee Club, 1933*

"Nor knew we anything so fair,
As is the smile upon thy face."

—Wm. Wordsworth.



LELLIA B. BOURNE

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

—Wm. Shakespeare.



ELMA E. BUCHANAN, A.B.

"The sweetest time of all my life,
To deem in thinking spent.

—Lord Faux Thomas.



VIRGINIA M. CAIN

Glee Club, 1931

"Life gave me youth and joyousness,
And friendly voices calling me."

—B. Y. Williams.

VELMA M. COOPER

"Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain."
—*Edward Pinkney.*



MARY M. CUNDIFF

"Sport, that wrinkled Care decides,
And laughter holding both his sides."
—*John Milton.*



EDNA L. FLANNERY

Coquette and coy, at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected."
—*William Congreve.*



MARY E. FORSHAY

Annual Staff, 1933

"Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed, and every heart was glad."
—*Winthrop Praed.*



MIRIAM M. HEINZ

Student Council, 1933

Annual Staff, 1932-33

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."
—*Thomas Campion.*





RUTH E. HERSHÉY

*Student Council, 1932
Glee Club, 1932
President of Student Council, 1933*

"Thou art even as a flower is
So gentle, and pure and fair."
—Heinrich Heine.



EDITH M. HOLDER

Glee Club, 1931-32-33

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
—John Milton.



SARA E. HOPKINS

*Student Council, 1932-33
Secretary, 1933*

"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."
—Fritz Greene Halleck.



FREEDA L. HOWSER

*Glee Club, 1931-32-33
Annual Staff, 1933*

"If woman could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle, still."
—Edward de Vere.



ROXIE A. JONES

Treasurer, 1931

"Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure;
Sober, steadfast and demure."
—John Milton.

BEATRICE V. KEELER

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close."

—*Thomas Moore.*



PHYLLIS B. KERLIN

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."

—*John Milton.*



RUTH E. KOUSCHUETZKY

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

—*Barton Booth.*



FRANCES E. LAMPE

Glee Club, 1932-33
Annual Staff, 1933

"Full of mirth and free from sadness,
Bright as sunshine after rain."

—*Verna Richardson.*



HELEN G. LANDIS

Glee Club, 1932

"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet
And honor charmed the air."

—*Nathaniel P. Willis.*





RUTH LанTER

*Treasurer, 1933
Student Council, 1933*

“When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”
—*Ralph W. Emerson.*



FRANCES B. LEIGHNINGER

*Glee Club, 1931-32-33
Accompanist, 1932-33
Annual Staff, 1933*

“And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.”
—*John Milton.*



JUNE R. McCONNELL

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.
—*John G. Whittier.*



ALMA M. McKAY

*Student Council, 1931-32-33
Vice-President Student Council, 1932
Vice-President, 1933
Glee Club, 1933
Annual Staff—Assistant Editor, 1933*

“And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.”
—*John G. Whittier.*



DOROTHEA I. McQUISTON

Treasurer of Student Council, 1933

“Then comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where’er you tread.”
—*Austin Dolson.*

ETHEL A. MILLER

"She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eye and modest grace."
—*Samuel Coleridge.*



LOUISE M. MUSSEY

Glee Club, 1931-32
Annual Staff, 1933

"Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the highway,
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the green."
—*Thedosia Garrison.*



LAURA A. NOODEL

"Now teach me, maid compassed,
To breathe some softened strain."
—*William Collins.*



MARIE A. OHMER

Glee Club, 1933

"Whose armour is her honest thought,
And simple truth her utmost skill."
—*Sir Henry Wotton.*



EDNA O. PATE

"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace."
—*Ben Jonson.*





FRANCES M. PATTON

“Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.”
—*Robert Greene.*



MARTHA E. PFAADT

Glee Club, 1933

“Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles;
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.”
—*John Milton.*



MILDRED R. RAMSEY

Glee Club, 1931-32

“Holy, fair and wise is she,
The Heavens such grace did lend her.”
—*Wm. Shakespeare.*



MADELINE P. ROOT

Glee Club, 1931-32-33
Student Council, 1932-33
President, 1932
Annual Staff, 1933

“A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.”
—*Wm. Wordsworth.*



MARGARET E. ROSS

Glee Club, 1931-32-33.

“The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.”
—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

EVELYN C. SCHRODER

*Glee Club, 1931-32-33
Annual Staff, 1933*

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given."
—Sir Phillip Sidney.



ADELINE L. SCHUBERT

*Treasurer, 1932
Annual Staff, 1933*

"Her every look, her every smile
Shot right and left, a score of arrows."
—Winthrop Praed.



OLIVE L. SEIFERT

Annual Staff, 1932-33

"In the way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tells his own story."
—Sir T. Overberry.



WILMA SLANE

"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
—Crabbe.



DAISY E. SMITH

*President, 1931
Student Council, 1931
Annual Staff, 1932
Editor of Annual, 1933*

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books."
—Henry W. Longfellow.





OPAL P. STRICKLER

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired."
—*Crabbe.*



MANZANETA E. TRAUTMAN

Glee Club, 1931-32
Annual Staff, 1933

"Thee, Chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even song."
—*John Milton.*



ERMA L. VOIERS

Student Council, 1932

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."
—*Wm. Wordsworth.*



DIAMOND I. WARNER

Student Council, 1931-33

"Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."
—*Pope.*



IRENE WELSH

Annual Staff, 1933

"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilights, too, her dusky hair.
—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

EDNA YOUNG

Glee Club, 1931

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast."

—Ben Jonson.



To the Nurse

THE holiest task of Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine.
The burden of our common need,
To render less, is thine.

*The paths of pain are thine, go forth
With patience, trust, and hope;
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.*

*Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hands.*

—J. G. WHITTIER.

History of the Class '33

SENIORS, do you remember about three years ago around the 20th and 21st of August in the year 1930. Yes, sixty-eight excited, happy and ambitious girls were met as they arrived by their "big sisters" and a much-interested faculty! We were escorted to our rooms in the 'Old Nurses' Home,' which is now the personnel building of the Christ Hospital, to spend three years in the so-called strict regime of the training school.

It was great fun and all so new to most of us coming from the freedom of our homes, then suddenly having all these sisters in one large family. All were interested in our being satisfied with our new home and made it very pleasant for us. The first week after our arrival we enjoyed our first party as a group. It was a "Wiener Roast" held on a very interesting spot, the hill back of the Nurses' Home. Oh, my, and we must not forget the "Kid Party," where all came dressed as little girls and babies. It was lots of fun.

Our first few weeks were spent in preparing for our first real thrill, assignments to floor duty. When we were taken to our respective floors I know we were the center of attention for once in our lives. We wanted to do our best, but just what that was at the moment we did not know. We were soon accepted as part of the hospital life after becoming accustomed to a few of the phases in the routine.

There were times when we didn't know what to do or which way to turn, and those were the times many of us were subject to this disease called "homesickness." These were the times when many were discouraged and would at the moment have given up all thoughts of a promising future for even a short time at home. Some did return home in these moments, but December 19 brought much happiness to forty-four girls when Miss Leader and Miss Williams presented us with our dainty little white caps and nice bluish-gray capes, lined with red. This was a very beautiful and impressive service not only to us but others, for it was also the dedication of the new chapel.

In January we began our first terms of night duty. Oh, those quivery feelings; even though we were the youngest we felt the whole hospital depended on us. The first medicine we ever gave! What kind was it—a liquid or a pill! Will we ever forget?

Being a very progressive and an ambitious group, we organized our class and elected Daisy Smith our president and Miss Waln our class advisor.

Toward the last of December "The new Christ Hospital" was completed and transferring of patients from the new Nurses' Home to the new hospital began December 20. It was a great thrill, the patients enjoying it as much as we our first entrance to the new building. Everything was so new and shiny that it was a pleasure to work.

In the middle of January a new group of students entered and were received in our class with full membership both in work and play. Each

class entering after us made us feel much older, that we were progressing more and more, even if we didn't realize it at all times.

Summer brought the time for our first vacations after what we thought was a year of real honest-to-goodness workout, with our classes ending for the year. Miss Waln, one of our instructors, resigned to accept the position as superintendent of nurses in another hospital. We were very glad for Miss Waln's promotion, but we hated to give her up.

After our enjoyable summer, classes began again in October. During this second year we were assigned to our first special work. Some went to the Diet Kitchen, Operating Room, Obstetrical Department, and Children's Hospital, gradually assuming greater responsibility. During the Junior year Madeline Root was elected as president.

Graduation for the Class of '32 came in May, and we all began dreaming of a year from then. This was the first realization we had of what a glorious time was in store for us. We were glad to enter into some of their graduation activities. The Junior-Senior reception at the Chatter Box of the Sinton-St. Nicholas was our first taste of the rounds of graduation. Class Day was a very exciting one—with such competition to get our ribbons the highest. We were successful with crimson and silver fluttering from "The Tower." Everybody entered into the spirit, with it lasting all day, and the final touch added in the evening, which was an Indian Camp and Treasure Hunt on the hill. The hunt will never be forgotten, and we all looked like Indians in our red-lined capes. The Spring Formal was a very pretty sight with all the gay colors and a very merry group.

The summer months soon sped along. Just to think we were Seniors. Only two years ago we had entered as an excited group who thought when we were older we could outgrow all these fears, but we found we were still just as worried as when we were "Probies." Graduation time was creeping nearer. We tried to act dignified with all our rejoicing and gayety. We were all interested in our sale, held in our "Tea Room" on the fourth floor of the Nurses' Home. We gave the operetta, "The Quest of the Gypsy," which we were pleased to have given with success. We tried to do the best we could in all our undertakings. Classes! If we should fail? Failure at this time would be fatal to our long-looked-forward-to career as "graduate nurses." Study, exams, pass, were our main thoughts. What rejoicing after these were over and we learned our standing.

Commencement—what joys planning and selecting our wardrobe for our activities. Our lives became busier and fuller than ever before. Still we had an ache in our hearts, which at times we couldn't explain when we thought of going on into the world after these three years of training, learning, and companionship.

Graduation night we were a mixture of emotions as we marched slowly up the aisle thinking of the future. Sad to be leaving dear old C. H. S. N., and yet happy to think we are starting forth on a great career and wondering what we, the Class of '33, would be doing a year from then.

We are just ordinary though busy, sometimes sad and often glad, full of high ambitions and hope. Each day making a brighter spot in our memories and lovely friendships of dear old C. H. S. N., our training seems as a lovely song—"The song is ended, but the melody lingers on."

—MARY ANDERSON, '33.

Class Prophecy 1933

TIME: MAY 17, 1943

I WAS TRAVELING to-day from Cincinnati to Detroit. On the way the bus was delayed at a small town on the outskirts of Centerville. The name of the town was Hopkinsville, which was named for Sara Hopkins, the famous pioneer.

I was told that the bus would not be able to continue the journey for some time, so I decided to see what Hopkinsville could afford me in the way of amusement.

Walking down the main street the first thing I spied was an immense, beautiful electric sign blazing forth the words—"Mary Margaret Anderson, Leading Lady in the Follies of 1943, Just Arrived From Broadway."

The name sounded familiar. There was a classmate of mine that graduated with me back in 1933 from Christ Hospital. But I was sure she couldn't be the same person.

Walking on a few steps farther, I saw coming toward me none other than Irene, with Stanley and the twins. I asked Irene if that was the same Mary Anderson that graduated with us. She said it was and that all the classmates had co-operated and started a city all their own.

Well, I was very much surprised to hear this, but, as I had been traveling for the past nine years, many things could have happened.

I started on down the street and came to a fairly large building that appeared to be a hospital. And so it was. Coming out of the door was Mildred Ramsey. She told me she had just been up to the Maternity Ward to see Daisy.

I entered the building and who should be standing in the lobby but Erma Voirs, who finally lived up to her angelic expression and became a nun. Erma was talking to Phyllis Kerlin, who is superintendent of nurses.

At information desk was Freeda Howser. I asked her where I could find the Maternity Ward. She directed me to the elevator and none other than Dorothea McQuiston opened the door.

On reaching the ward I found Opal Strickler, a beauty expert, setting Daisy's hair. After chatting a while, time was getting short and, coming out of the room, I bumped into Virginia Cain, supervisor in the Hare-Lip and Cleft Palate Ward, and Mary Beatty, supervisor of the Psychiatry Department.

Passing through the downstairs corridor I met Evelyn Schroeder, who is the new chef in the hospital.

On leaving the hospital I met Francis Patton, a successful public health nurse, and with the little black bag, too.

Walking on down the street I came to the business district. In several windows I saw signs. On nearing I could read them very distinctly. At one window was, "Keeler, Leighninger, and Cundiff—Advice to the Love-lorn." At another, "Edna Flannery, Lecturer on 'How to Behave Among Riff-Raff'"; "Roxie Jones—'Advocator of Three-Hour Nights'"; "Alma McKay—'The Girl Who Reads Your Future if She Knows Your Past'"; "Ruth Kouschuetzky, Lecturer on 'How to Sleep Peacefully Through Any Class.'"

I was becoming hungry and not caring whether I missed the bus now,

after meeting my old friends, I decided to try the night club of the town. I was met at the door by Frances Lampe, owner of the club. I was greeted royally and given a good seat where I could watch the floor show while I ate.

The first thing on the program was "Minner" Trautman singing "Paradise." How that song brought back the memories. A chorus of girls came dancing out next. I recognized in the chorus Ethel Miller, Laura Noodel, Louise Mussey, and Marie Ohmer. My, how those girls had changed!

Coming out of the night club a new advertisement was being put up on the billboard next door. I watched the procedure and what do you think it was? A picture of little Edna Pate passing out Lucky Strike cigarettes. Can you imagine?

I crossed the street and saw a row of stores. The first one I came to was a photographer's. I glanced inside and saw Ruth Lanter trying to "shoot" Helen Landis, famous model for magazine articles.

Next door was a bookshop. Miriam Heinz's picture was in the window with her new novel, "The Road to a Man's Heart and How to Travel It."

On the corner was a drug store. I entered and saw Margaret Ross jerking sodas and talking to a bunch of high-school boys.

At the other counter was Wilma Slane, lecturing to two women and a man about some kind of new medicine on "how to lose two pounds a day and retain your health."

I came out of the drug store and across the street on an empty lot was a huge tent, and gales of laughter were issuing forth. I hurried over and at the entrance was a sign which read, "Holder and Young, Circus. Admission 15 cents."

I became interested at once and decided to take it in. I paid my fifteen cents, went in, and found a good seat close to the ring. It had just started and the dancing twins, Elma Buchanan and Lelia Bourne, were performing. Another act featured June McConnell and Dorothy Culp, trapeze performers.

During a pause in the entertainment I glanced around to see if I could find the rest of my classmates. I spied Ruth Hershey in a box seat, so I went over to talk to her. She told me she had been elected as first woman mayor of Hopkinsville, and that was sure an honor.

On the other side of the tent I saw a party of people. As far as I could see there were four couples with many small children surrounding them. I could distinguish Martha P. and Pete, Madeline and Ott, Olive and Charlie and, oh, yes, Velma and Don.

Ruth told me that they were all married and that the children were theirs and not an orphanage. I told her I had seen all my classmates that I had graduated with but two, and they were Diamond Warner and Mary Forshey.

Ruth informed me that Diamond was nurse on the Island Queen in Cincinnati, and Mary and Ken were living happily in South America, teaching the natives to wear grass skirts.

After the circus I hurried back to the bus station, just as the bus was getting ready to leave. I reached my destination tired but happy to have seen all my old friends again. It was a big day!

—ADELINE SCHUBERT, '33.

Favorite Sayings

Edna Young—Shot in the freckle.
Irene Welsh—I'll beat your ears in.
Ruth Lanter—Won't you go to prayer meeting with me?
Louise Mussey—Greetings and Salutations.
Helen Landis—if I were only there.
Beatrice Keeler—Hi, pal!
Ruth Kouschuetzky—Got anything to eat?
Olive Seifert—He's going to bowl to-night.
Roxie Jones—I must get to bed.
Miriam Heinz—Will you answer the telephone?
Alma McKay—I feel terrible about it.
Manzaneta Trautman—That's my honey that called.
Mildred Ramsey—Well, I don't know.
Frances Patton—I should think so.
Virginia Cain—Your right fine.
Mary Forshey—I won't have it.
Daisy Smith—Let me tell you.
Ruth Hershey—Listen, girls.
Mary Beatty—I think that's darling.
Ethel Miller—Oh, these people.
Marian Setzer—I hope you grow a wart on the end of your nose.
June McConnell—I wish I didn't have a middle name.
Edna Pate—Aren't you ready yet.
Mary Anderson—Oh! My gosh.
Irma Voiers—Who cares?
Edna Flannery—What did I say in my sleep?
Diamond Warner—Who said so?
Marie Ohmer—I hardly think so.
Margaret Ross—I told her to.
Lelia Bourne—Of all things.
Sara Hopkins—I got the jitters.
Martha Pfaadt—Lovely, don't you know.
Wilma Cooper—I don't know what Don will say.
Mildred Cundiff—Say, Babe?
Pansey Strickler—Got something to tell you.
Fiz Kerlin—Yeh! I'm getting up.
Wilma Slane—I'm giving to the library.
Frances Lampe—That'll be swell.
Edith Holder—Let me show you this step.
Dot McQuiston—Gee, that'll be cute.
Fran Leighninger—Oh, I have to practice.
Adeline Schubert—I had the grandest time.
Freeda Houser—Did I ever feel squelched!
Evelyn Schroder—Let's get going.
Dot Culp—I'd just be petrified.

I. WELSH, '33.

Class Will

CLASS OF '33, ABOUT TO DIE; SALUTE YOU

CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOM, we have called you together before our departure from this, our happy home for the past three years, to hear our will and to receive our gifts.

I dread to tell you, but be calm. There are many nurses here to care for the fainting ones, so here is the secret.

A consultation of supervisors and instructors was called and, since they never fail in their diagnosis, we must tell you that on May 18, 1933, we must die.

Trusting and hoping that you will be able to carry on our work we leave you this, our last will and testament.

Be it remembered that we, the Class of '33 of The Christ Hospital School of Nursing in the city of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, do make this our last will and testament in the manner following:

After all our just debts are paid the remainder of our financial possessions, if any, shall be used as seen fit by the student government.

To the Board of Trustees, who have given us many pleasures and conveniences, we leave a vacancy that we sincerely hope will be filled by most worthy persons.

We wish to give our sincere thanks and hope to show our appreciation—

To the Staff of The Christ Hospital for their kindness and tolerance of our seeming stupidity.

To the faculty for their sincere efforts to make us better nurses of higher knowledge.

To our many patients who have so appreciated our efforts.

As a whole we wish to bequeath our reputation and pull with the faculty to the Junior Class.

To Marion Setzer and Dorothy Culp we leave another year of happiness and success.

To the Sophomores, our little sisters, we bequeath our annual trip to Coney Island with the riff-raff, provided no punishment is instituted.

We do hereby give and bequeath to members of the student body our many and varied personalities, peculiarities, and characteristics, to-wit:

Ruth Hershey wishes to hand down her place of honor as president of the student government to some most worthy and capable Junior.

Edith Holder's dancing feet to Ruth Vetter to be used for entertaining at the future parties.

Frances Lampe's method of keeping that slender figure to Mildred Laws, providing the directions are carried out specifically.

Frances Patton's intellectual ability to Jacelyn Fox to help her to recite in Dr. Coppock's class.

Wilma Slane's shiny nose to Virginia Isaacs, providing she will powder it before going to lunch each day while riding the elevator.

Opal Strickler's flapperish tendencies to Lillian Jones to be used with the greatest discretion.

Edna Flannery's giggle to Elizabeth Bigham to be controlled at the right time and place.

Erma Voier's promptness and insomnia to Frances Brown to be practiced as necessary.

Edna Pate's innocence to Mary Jones that she may act thus without deceiving.

Manzaneta Trautman's noisy bedroom slippers to Winifred Bartlett to waken all students on night duty.

Laura Noodel's forwardness to Marjorie Wones.

Ruth Kouschuetzky's money-making devices to the Sophomores that they may earn money to entertain their superior classmates next year.

Alma McKay's nimble fingers with the typewriter to Helen Phillips that she may assist in publishing the 1934 ANNUAL.

Mildred Ramsey's Southern droll to Inez Solar that she may infatuate the opposite sex.

Velma Cooper's rides in red Chevrolet coupes to Ruth Fugitt, providing she does not cause the driver to have an appendectomy.

Lillian Bourne's late hours to Elizabeth Franke, with the provision that she does not go to sleep in Ethics Class.

Phyllis Kerlin's and Edith Holder's efficiency reports from second floor to Ruth Garringer and Mary Muller, to be improved on whenever possible.

Madeline Root's hope chest to Vera Austin, provided she does not marry before she is thirty.

Roxie Jones' purity to Elizabeth Hall, not to be abused.

Margaret Ross's efficiency to Alice Sanders to help her run second floor.

Evelyn Shroeder's lease on beau parlors to Betty Stewart for one year, unless the privilege is over-exercised.

Marie Ohmer's executive ability to the preliminary students that they may show others their place in this institution.

Louise Mussey's vocabulary to Virginia Bowers to expound in professional problems next year.

Olive Seifert's romance to Margaret Scott for her moments.

Ruth Lanter's dependability to Mary Lee Keffler.

Frances Leighninger's way with men to Virginia Cruse.

Mary Louise Beatty's easy-going temperament to all members of the Junior class that all their class meetings next year will be co-operative.

Sara Hopkins' and June McConnell's wit and love for Italian wine to Grace Woodward and Helen Finney.

Irene Welsh's love for spike-heels to Ruth Kirgan.

Alma Buchanan's stately walk to Clarice Murray.

Helen Landis' position as assistant school-teacher to Dorothy Eversman.

Freeda Howser's apparent stupidity in professional problems to Estella Roepke.

Edna Young's ability to keep her uniform neat and clean to Bertha Pate.

Virginia Cain's sweet doctor mans to Esther Hemming, providing she does not monopolize him.

Mary Anderson's forgetfulness to sign in and out to Mary Morrett.

Mary Forshey's formula for growing long hair over night to Neva Howser in case she regrets her shaven locks.

Beatrice Keeler's swimming ability to Gurlie Gibson to keep her out of deep water.

Mildred Cundiff's quiet, maidenly ways to Mildred Webb.

Dorothy McQuiston's non-coquettish tendencies to Margaret Bloom.

Miriam Heinz's lease on seventh floor telephone to Marian Pitser, providing it is not worn out by that time.

Diamond Warner's independence to Betty Cadow.

Ethel Miller's worry over quizzes and finals to Mabel Taft after a week-end with Bill.

Adeline Schubert's unexpected visitors to Lois Allen.

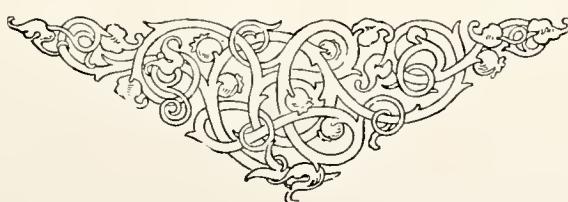
Daisy Smith's efforts for a bigger and better ANNUAL to the most worthy under-classman.

Martha Pfaadt's eagerness to pose for demonstrations and also her baby talk to Elizabeth Dunn.

We hereby revoke all wills made by us heretofore and constitute Miss Alene Manthey sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of '33, have hereunto set our hands and seal this, the 31st day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1933.

—MARTHA PFAADT, '33.



“The End of the Day”

TWAS seven o’clock, the day was o’er,
The senior nurse was just leaving the floor,
The medicines were given, the charts put away,
'Twas just the end of another day.

*She wondered as she stood there, free at last
And reviewed the events of the day that had passed,
Have I done my best for each one here?
Oh, God, please help me—make it all clear.*

*Then she bowed her head and asked once again
For the Father above her just to send
The strength and the power to do all her work
And not for one moment ever to shirk.*

*Then with lighter heart she found a way
To begin again on another day.
So if we all try our best to do,
I think we shall win in the end, don’t you?*

—LOIS ALLEN, '34.



Junior Class History

President.....	JOSEPHINE PENCE
Vice-President.....	RUTH MAIER
Secretary.....	DOROTHY PATTERSON
Treasurer.....	MILDRED LAWS

TWO SHORT YEARS AGO we gayly wended our way hither armed solely with inexperience, but supremely confident in our ignorance. Not many moons had passed ere the famed "upper classmen" had put us in our place.

Pitifully crestfallen we retired to practical oblivion for these two painful years, but from the seeming ruin, behold, what has sprung! We are now—but no— We are modest. Let it suffice to say that we are changed beings. For better or worse? But why ask foolish questions? We do not hide our light under a bushel.

Nevertheless, our story is a brief one to have trod the thorny paths of learning under the blue and white colors of Christ Hospital.

We have had two big Red Letter days. First, day of days, when we were knighted with the professional insignia of dignity, forty-five stiffly starched caps. Then we were at least recognized by those above us.

Second, when twenty-eight new members joined our class to be considered a part of us.

Our social life has consisted of sponsoring two dances and a Hallowe'en party, all howling successes according to majority rule.

We are now equipped with experience and a knowledge that has given us confidence, supremely happy in anticipating the coming year as Seniors, "upper-classmen" of the school.

—JOSEPHINE PENCE, '34.



CLASS OF '34

“*Things I Like*”

I like to sit and dream again
Of things about me that have been;
I like to live back in the past—
Oh, how I wish it all would last.

I like to close my eyes and see
The things that are so dear to me;
I like to picture in my mind
Those happy hours that once were mine.

I like to lie awake at night
And let my thoughts like birds take flight;
I like to see the stars come out
And watch the moon sail all about.

I like to walk mid flowers sweet
And pause once more where old friends meet;
But best of all I like to be
Right here with all you near to me.

—LOIS ALLEN, '34.

A Bouquet from My Garden of Memories

AT TWILIGHT I wander through my Garden of Memories, there to pluck a bouquet of my loveliest blossoms. My garden is my nurse's training and hospital experience. It is not large—just three short years; but in it are many choice flowers. Come, wander with me down the pathways, the stepping-stones of Theory and Practice, and share with me the beauties of my garden.

Here are the roses, the other nurses whom I met. There are many varieties. See the stately tea roses. They are the Senior Nurses, calm, dignified, skillful, as they move about at their tasks. In distinct contrast is that crimson rambler—a harum-scarum Sophomore, irrepressible and irresistible. Then I have in my garden a little wild rose—the Probie—shy and timid, yet all my other varieties are only wild roses, cultivated, developed, specialized. Here is a bush of full-blown white roses—the nurses, both students and graduates from other hospitals, with whom we worked at Children's. In this corner are my favorite roses, the rosy, golden Talismans. They are my most intimate friends, that group whose lives have most closely touched mine—hearts of gold tinged with the rose of youth and idealism. Let me linger just a moment, drinking in their fragrant perfume. Are there no thorns to my roses? you ask. Someone has said, "There's a thorn for every rose—but aren't the roses sweet?" Besides, the thorns do not prick if you handle them a-right.

But come, we must leave this part of the Garden. Let's stop at this bed of snapdragons. Aren't they the most deceptive flowers? From the name you won't expect to find a large, bold, blustering blossom. Instead are pastel tints, a delicate, intricate pattern, exquisitely molded, a thing of beauty. They are the supervisors and instructors. Stories painted them as harsh, unfeeling, stormy folk; but we found them sympathetic, helpful, kind, a beautiful part of my Garden.

In this bed, as we wander down the pathway, are the carnations—spicy, sturdy, and independent. They are none other than the doctors, calm and cool in emergency; yet brisk and efficient as they go from room to room.

Now you must see my pansy bed. Look at them holding up their velvety faces, sad, happy, gay, impish, and thoughtful—all the range of human expression there. Can't you see in them the patients for whom we cared, human nature at its best and worst, suffering and unhappy, comfortable and gay, anxious worried folks, patient or demanding, good and bad, saint and sinner—all kinds of people who passed our way.

Here at my feet, so tiny we almost missed them, are the forget-me-nots. But how could we forget the babies, the nursery of tiny folk so new on earth?

Blonde or brunette, blue eyes or brown, tiny or chubby, each an individual with his or her own peculiar characteristics—there is nothing sweeter or daintier in my Garden.

And yet one more bed of flowers—petunias tumbling over each other in a riot of color. You can't keep them in order, and yet if they are allowed to grow naturally and are kept free from weeds there will be no brighter spot in all the garden. Haven't you guessed what they are? Surely you haven't forgotten the little folks at Children's Hospital? Irrepressible, at times one thought impossible, bubbling over with fun and laughter, brave and courageous—is it any wonder that I love them?

Still my bouquet seems to lack something. Ah, now I know. Wait till I pick some fern and lacy green—the secretaries, the office force, the aides, and orderlies, all those without whose help our work would be difficult and incomplete.

But now the evening shadows are falling, and already the silvery moonbeams play across the path; so we must leave my Garden with this Bouquet of Memories.

—E. DUMM, '34.



To The Christ Hospital

BY A PATIENT

SET on a hill, its beaming light shines far,
The symbol of a gladsome hope to man
Of healing for his pain, since time began
His dread and scourge; and like a guiding star
Leads on where science, wise to heal, not mar,
And pitying hearts and hands that can
Restore the vigor lost, add to life's span,
Unite to soothe and cure; remove the scar
Left by foul hopelessness and frustrate plan;
Restore the faith and cheer thro' suff'ring lost.

*Called by the name of Him whose heart could feel
The woes of all mankind, whose touch divine
Made whole, this House of Mercy so benign
Doth, in the spirit of the Master, heal.*

“?”

WE SELDOM WONDER WHERE IT CAME. We know it simply as the question mark, and often wish it did not exist.

It isn't so very old, and still it has affected our lives and the lives of our ancestors innumerable times, and in many ways.

Its own origin is questionable. Some say that four or five hundred years ago when our forefathers wrote questions, they had no such “sign,” but wrote the word “query” after the sentence to signify the fact that it was of an interrogatory nature. After a time, either because the writer was hurried or a bit careless, only the letter “Q” remained to show that the statement was a question. Soon even this one short letter became carelessly written or was too much effort, and the question mark (?) was born.

And still others say that the little mark was born before that. Some believe that in the olden times writers used the semi-colon (;) inverted (:) as a question mark. An extra flourish of the pen made it our mark of to-day.

As its own origin and consequent termination is questionable, so is our goal in life. It seems strange that such a small mark can interfere so often, and in so many ways, with our lives.

Prior to our earthly arrival arises the question—boy or girl? Plans are, more often than not, formulated for the one most desired. Perhaps a son is much desired, and the parents plan that he be a physician or surgeon. On the arrival of a daughter plans have to be changed.

Father wishes she might be a nurse—mother is undecided as to the destination to choose for her infant daughter.

As she goes through the child's life and child's world she has many obstacles to be conquered. First steps and first words are uncertain, and certainly difficult to learn. The world grows larger quickly, and she has many new things to grasp and learn in a short period of time.

“Reading, writing, 'rithmetic,” all so distinctly new in a six-year-old's perspective of life. In such a civilization as ours these things must be conquered, because they constitute the backbone of any work she may choose.

Along with these ever-opening avenues, filled with the stumbling blocks of life's great way, travel measles, chicken-pox, loss of tonsils, and all the other diseases to which children are so susceptible. Father's hopes are high—she reacted as well as could be expected, and perhaps observed more than many children, for afterwards she nursed her dolls through the same diseases. Perhaps—just perhaps she will fulfill father's dream.

Adolescence! “Won't she ever make up her mind about anything?” asks the harassed and bewildered adult world.

One week she plans a brilliant stage career, the next the sober habit of a nun, then there is the Red Cross nurse to consider. And, too, an authoress,

a pleasing and fascinating hostess, a brilliant, sparkling society dowager. Yes, each has its day of glory in the life of the young girl.

As these few years of doubt, indecision, unsureness, and insecurity fade away, graduation from high school approaches. Does this same daughter know any better how and what to choose for her life work or career? Perhaps she feels there is yet much time for decision; but the hurry and flutter of graduation is over and the world suddenly takes on a lifeless aspect. What can be done about it?

Ah! something to do—keep busy. They say one is happiest when busiest. But what? Father voices his old wish and daughter still has her adolescent memories of a nursing career.

Hustle and bustle and work galore. At last she is properly fitted to begin her nursing career. What can the future hold?

On arrival at her chosen destination all is well. But soon the new nurse to be, with all her new companions, is bombarded by questions of every description, both mental and physical and otherwise. Each stumbling block is passed in proper succession. On and on with more work and more play, and more knowledge gained.

At the end of three years many avenues in the road of life have opened, and many question marks have been successfully overridden.

On and on through the varied routines to the goal—graduation day again! Problems have been solved and conquered, and an end attained. Another nurse is born to the world.

What next? Who knows?

—RUTH NIEWOHNER, '34.



Lest We Forget

MISS ACOMB—Somebody sterilize this telephone.

MISS MILLER—Are you sure everything is done?

MISS GARDNER—Has the premie gained to-day?

MISS BARBOUR—His order is Pantapon grs. $\frac{1}{3}$, isn't it?

MISS MANTHEY—Whistle and blow your blues away.

MISS MONTAGUE—Are all your charts written, and—

MISS PORTER—"Canada Dry."

MISS BINGOLD—Well now, girls, let's help each other so we can get off duty.

MISS McCLUSKY—Well—I think I'll call the interne.

MISS BRALEY—What's the order on his chart?

MISS THOMPSON—Now let's see—what's that patient's name?

—F. HOWSER, 33.

Strictly Germ Proof

THE Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised:
It wasn't disinfected and it wasn't sterilized.

They said it was a microbe and a hotbed of disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousandth-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand,
And elected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a hygienic cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



Sophomore Class History

PROBIES! Can't you just see us in August, crowding the hall of the Nurses' Home with boxes, trunks, and suitcases; shrieking with excitement when we discovered our roommates; sitting in the supervisors' section of the dining room and looking so surprised when everyone laughed; trying so hard not to look dumb and scared all the time. "Just probies!" Yes. But 'neath that sobriquet that upper classmen rolled off their tongues with relish, when peculiar unlooked-for events occurred, there was a mighty power, we, the Class of '36!

Were we not the only class in five years to see the great settling basins of the Cincinnati Water Works drained and cleaned? Weren't we the only probies who got ice cream served to them at the French Bauer plant? (Maybe not, but it sounds good.) Aren't we the only ones who get to wear our watches above our elbows and have special made ones at that?

We take our place among the classes of Christ Hospital Student Nurses, and although we haven't been here long we have a history.

We have our brilliantines who score high grades in scholastics, gaining bulletin-board notice on the honor roll. We have our athletes who beat the Jewish Hospital team in a mighty basket-ball battle and—almost—beat our own Juniors. We have some birds like the nightingales who sing most sweetly for the Glee Club. Several who get high evaluation as "good nurses." And last, but not least, a group called the Scarletinar who battle valiantly against their serum shots, but finally end up with terrific bulges on their arms, speckles all over, and a day in the "House."

*Yes, indeed, we are here to stay,
And don't forget we're Sophomores now—
But we'll be Seniors some day!*

—FRANCES McCUSKEY, '35.



CLASS OF '35—SECTION ONE



Freshman Class History

ONCE upon a day in winter,
A cold eighteenth day of winter,
In the month of January;
Came some girls to a city,
Came these girls from the country—
From Ohio, from Kentucky,
From Maryland, from South Carolina,
From the Southland, from the Northland
Came these girls to Christ Hospital.
They left behind them all their mothers,
Sisters, brothers, aunts, and sweethearts;
Never more to look upon them,
Never see their smiling faces—
Till the sun has run its orbit,
Till the moon has waxed and waned.

Seventeen girls there were who started
On the long climb up the ladder,
Up the ladder of success.
Strong these girls were—strong of body
Strong of mind and soul and spirit;
Stronger some than the others,
Some so weak they could not stay.
Four there were who strayed away,
Strayed back to their homes again;
Leaving thirteen girls still climbing,
Climbing the ladder of success.

From Sabina came Dot Curtis,
Daughter of the Nighttime, was she:
Loved to watch the bright lights twinkle
As she stayed up nights to study,
Stayed up till the clock struck midnight,
While her comrades were in dreamland.
And from Payne, Ohio, came Snyder,
Pauline is her given name.
Dark of eyes and dark of tresses;
Filled with knowledge and with wisdom.
From Cincinnati came Ruth Kirgan,
Daughter of a great big chieftain,
Chieftain of the brave detectives
Who goes out to catch the bad ones
Running loose around the city;
Haughty is she, like a princess,
Towers over all her classmates;
Bows them down to submission.

And among our little band
We have a real true Indian girl,
Minnie-te-he is her name,
Known to us as Virginia;

She is princess of all laughter,
Laughs she morning, noon, and night;
Laughs she even in her dreams.
And living in the tepee with her
Is her friend and classmate Beedle,
Beedle with her cheery greetings,
Spreading sunshine all about her.
Pride of Springfield is Miss Kay,
She it is who has the learning—
Learning gleaned from out of books,
Learning gleaned from years of study.

Tall of stature, blonde of tresses
Is Miss Dunlap from Columbus;
“Keep on smiling” is her motto,
“Keep on climbing” is her aim.
Lucy Pollack comes from Cleveland,
Schooled is she in all the arts—
Arts of passing all the finals,
Art of playing basket-ball,
Art of playing the piano,
Art of going home for week-ends.
And most modest of us all
Is our dark-haired Miss McKay,
She it is who keeps us pretty—
Keeps our curly locks all curly,
Keeps the deep waves in our tresses.

And full of wisdom and advice
About the things that we should do
Is Mrs. Daughtery from Greenfield;
She's the one who likes to study—
Study in the early morning,
Study until late at midnight.
And last, but not least, is Dorothy Browns;
As a friend she is a true one,
As a classmate she is loyal,
As a pal she is unequaled.
Who I am, it does not matter;
What I am, you need not question.
So I have told you all the history
Of the girls who came in training,
In Nurses' Training at Christ Hospital.
What their future is I know not,
What their aims are I know not;
But I know they all are striving,
Striving to climb the ladder—
The ladder called Success.

—LUCIA MONTGOMERY, '35.



CLASS OF '35—SECTION TWO





Glee Club

FOUR YEARS AGO a small group of girls met, under the leadership of Mr. Meyers, as the first Glee Club of Christ Hospital.

It grew steadily and a plan of organization was necessary. Each year a chairman is elected who takes charge of all the activities.

In 1930 Mr. Meyers was no longer able to be with us. Since that time Mr. Durr has ably taken over the leadership.

Our Glee Club has continued to grow these four years until it has an enrollment of about thirty girls interested in music, who meet in the gym on every Monday night.

Each year we endeavor to participate in the activities of the county and community churches who are interested in Christ Hospital. This includes booth festivals, playlets, chapel services, the annual meeting of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Association, and commencement exercises.

Christ Hospital feels fortunate in having a musical director who is willing to give so much time to us.

—HELEN PHILLIPS, '34.

“The Quest of the Gypsy”

BY H. LOREN CLEMENTS



CAST OF CHARACTERS

GYPSY	Manzanetta Trautman
COUNTRY BOY	Frances Brown
ISABELLE	Ruth Garringer
BARBARA	Mary Anderson
RHODA	Frances Leighninger
DOROTHY	Dora Nichols
MYRA	Evelyn Schroder
IDA	Elsie Spence
JEAN	Madaline Root
LILLIAN	Martha Pfaadt

Gypsy Men—

Margaret Ross
Frances Lampe
Margaret Scott
Roxy Jones
Ruth Lanter

Dancing Chorus—

Edith Holder
Adeline Schubert
Edna Young
Alma McKay
Louise Mussey

Chorus

Elizabeth Franke Marie Ohmer
Virginia Isaacs Marjorie Wones
Aurora Yankova

THE NIGHT OF MARCH 10, 1933, found an attentive audience anxiously waiting for the curtains to be drawn on the first scenes of the attractive operetta, “The Quest of the Gypsy,” being presented in the gymnasium of the Nurses’ Home.

The moment arrives—music faint at first and becoming louder reveals with it a woodland scene with a gypsy fire and a carefree gypsy prince and his band.

As the title of the operetta suggests, this gypsy band has a quest, which further revealed, is that of securing a cook!

The part of the gypsy prince was ably and realistically enacted by Manzanetta Trautman, who assumed the difficult task of portraying the masculine rôle.

The scene changes—due to the unexpected appearance of another band, this one being of the fairer (?) sex. These young ladies, members of a cooking school and desirous of spending a week in the open as gypsies, much to their delight come upon the camp.

This group of girls was most attractive in their costumes of many colors, each one speaking or acting her particular part with individuality and enthusiasm.



The thought of a chaperon on this expedition was not overlooked, as the girls were well-reminded of the importance of the same by the descriptive song, "Sailing," as sung by Evelyn Schroder and the chorus.

Several clever dancing features added much to the gayety of the production.

No entertainment would be quite complete without its bit of humor, which in this instance was most cleverly portrayed by Frances Brown as the typical "Country Boy" with his riddles and shyness.

The "would-be" gypsies seemed much attracted and the fortune teller of the band did her share by attracting him with her prediction of a happy future and fame, as told in the song, "The Fortune Teller," expressively sung by Mary Anderson.

As an expression of gratitude for the good fortune our Country Boy extends an invitation to the girls to the farm, with a promise of a good stock of victuals.

Ruth Garringer, in the part of Isabelle, who has been left along in the camp, begins exploring. Her reward is that of sufficient ingredients for a "rare bit."

All goes well, the gypsy prince returns and, much to his delight, finds his cook. Our Country Boy once more is seen and announces his claim for the fortune teller, and the remainder of the "Would-be Gypsy Band" are well claimed by the followers of the Gypsy Prince.

—FRANCES LEIGHNINGER, '33.

Student Council



First Row, (left to right:) Donnell, Lanter, Hopkins, Hershey, Anderson, Bartlett. Second Row: Baughman, Teagarden, Ellis, Warner, Root, Pence, Setzer. Third Row: Dumm, McKay, McQuiston, Heinz, McKinney, Bowers, Hauschild. Last Row: Miss Holle, Miss Hartley, Miss Phair, Miss Leader, Miss Barbour, Miss Christenson, Miss Fields.



Ode to Duty

OH, DUTY! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

Annual Staff



First Row, (left to right): Sharp, Niewohner, McKay, Smith, Schubert, Root, Beatty. Second Row: Lampe, Heinz, Solar, Gray, Leighninger, Setzer, Forshey. Third Row: Allen, Free, Trautman, Welsh, McKinney, Spence, Mussey. Last Row: Eversman, Miss Leader, Culp, Schroder, Phillips, Howser, Seifert.

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Hamlet's Great Debate

(With all apology to Shakespeare)

TO EAT, or not to eat, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer
The pangs and pricks of outrageous hunger,
Or to take arms against a line of students,
And by opposing beat them. To dine—to eat—
No more; and by an "eat" to say we end
The starveache and the thousand natural pangs
The flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To dine—to eat,
To eat! Perchance to ache! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that mad rush at the luncheon hour
When we have shuffled our neighbor off his feet,
What aches may come. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long a line;
For who would bear the shock time after time
The senior's stare, the faculty's oversight,
The pangs of half-requited hunger, the cook's delay,
The insolence of probies, and the shoves
That anxious waiting from the hungry bring.

*When he himself might his own luncheon sneak
With cunning stealth? Who would footaches bear
To hop and limp in afterlife,
But that the dread of being caught, slipping
Into the lunchroom, from which act
No student returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native fire of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with recollection,
And "in the office" sessions of great length and duration
With this regard their intentions turn away,
And lose the name of action—list you now!
The lunch bell—bell, in thy chimes
Be all my appetite remembered.*

—D. SMITH, '33.













Calendar 1932-33

May 25—Vacations began.

July 1—New internes—and how?

July 13—Picnic at Zoo—was anyone left behind?

July 15—White shoes first worn as part of the student uniform.

Sept. 2—Betty Shifflet left our midst to enter seas of matrimony.

Sept. 14—New class enters training.

Sept. 16—Big-and-little-sister party for the probies, sponsored by seniors.

Sept. 20—Class schedules are out? ? ?

Oct. 8—A fruitless search for a promised donation of apples.

Oct. 28—Hallowe'en party in recreation room.

Nov. 19—First Booth Festival at Point Pleasant. Do we like pie?

Nov. 25—Booth Festivals at Mechanicsburg, Piqua, and Springfield.
Fruit and more fruit.

Nov. 25—Thanksgiving dance sponsored by seniors.

Dec. 1—We began affiliating with General Hospital for practical course in contagious disease nursing.

Dec. 17—Seniors had exams in ear, nose, and throat, and orthopedics? ? ?

Dec. 23—Classes over until after holidays. Christmas party in drawing room—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are very good as Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus.

Jan. 2—Classes again.

Jan. 6—“Dues must be paid!!”

Jan. 10—Booth Festival at Wilmington. Steak! and how?

Jan. 11—Seniors choose white uniforms. No fights or hair-pulling.
Surprising?

Jan. 23—Annual meeting of Board of Trustees.

Feb. 10—Valentine dance sponsored by juniors.

Feb. 21—Basket-ball games at Jewish Hospital. We were proud of our juniors and sophs.

Feb. 26—Room 302 served as a temporary operating room while Dr. Palmer did a major operation.

Mar. 10—Gypsy Operetta by Glee Club.

Mar. 11—Booth Festival held in our recreation room.

Mar. 24—House party—jig-saws big feature.

Mar. 25—Psychiatry class began at Longview for seniors.

April 9—Palm Sunday. Sermon by the Rev. Carroll H. Lewis. Soloist, Miss Ethel McFarland.

April 9-16 (inclusive)—Holy Week Services each morning in chapel.

April 16—Easter Sunday. Sermon, the Rev. Carroll H. Lewis.

April 26—Faculty-Senior Party at Mariemont Inn.

May 5—Junior-Senior Banquet.

May 12—Class Day, Capping Service.

May 14—Baccalaureate Service (afternoon), Florence Nightingale Service (evening), Walnut Hills Presbyterian Church, Rev. Wm. H. Hudnut, Jr. Address.

May 17—Alumni-Home-coming Tea, 3 to 6 P. M.; Nurses' Home Dinner, 7 P. M.; Dancing and cards, 9 to 12 P. M.

May 26—Senior-Junior Formal.

Boy or Girl?

SOME folks pray for a boy, and some
For a golden-haired little girl to come.
Some claim to think there is more of joy
Wrapped up in the smile of a little boy.
While others pretend that the silky curls
And plump, pink cheeks of the little girls
Bring more of bliss to the old home place,
Than a small boy's queer little freckled face.

Now which is better, I couldn't say
If the Lord should ask me to choose to-day;
If he should put in a call for me
And say: "Now what shall your order be,
A boy or girl? I have both in store—
Which of the two are you waiting for?"
I'd say with one of my broadest grins,
Send either one, if it can't be twins.

I've heard it said, to some people's shame,
They cried with grief when a small boy came,
For they wanted a girl. And some folks I know
Who wanted a boy, just took on so
When a girl was sent. But it seems to me
That mothers and fathers should happy be
To think, when the stork has come and gone;
That the Lord would trust them with either one.

Boy or girl? There can be no choice;
There's something lovely in either voice.
And all that I ask of the Lord to do
Is to see that the mother comes safely through:
And guard the baby and have it well,
With a perfect form and a healthy yell;
And a pair of eyes and shock of hair;
Then boy or girl—and its Dad won't care.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

From Mr. Guest's book, *The Passing Throng*. Copyright 1923, by The Reilly & Lee Co. Used by special permission.



School Song

THE BLUE AND WHITE

Far above the busy city,
On her hilltop high
Stands the shrine of our devotion;
Sing her praise for aye.

CHORUS

Christ Hospital school we love,
Sing we with all our might;
We, thy daughters, ever loyal
To the blue and white.

Through the busy years of training
Here we found the way;
Faith in service we've discovered,
Skill to serve our day.

When at last our paths shall sever,
Student days be past;
Friendship true and loyal ever
Through our lives shall last.

—C. H. L.

108

March

ONWARD, C. H.

Onward, C. H., Onward, C. H.,
School so good and grand;
Tell the story of her glory
Forever o'er the land.

Onward, C. H., Onward, C. H.,
Fight on for her name;
Fight, students, fight
To bring your school to fame.





COMPLIMENTS OF

Kanouse's
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE SHOP 609 RACE ST.

Who have furnished the shoes for
The Christ Hospital School of
Nursing Graduating Class. . . .

HEARD AROUND THE HOSPITAL

1. *Wet dressing.* I would fain die a dry death.
2. *Wrong operation.* This was the most unkind cut of all.
3. *Anesthetics.* No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.
4. *Tray service.* Fingers were made before forks and hands before knives.
5. *Backrub.* Sweet is pleasure after pain.
6. *Orderlies.* They also serve who only stand and wait.
7. *Pulse taking.* The clock beats out the little lives of men.
8. *Discharged.* True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed: Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
9. *Obstetrics.* It's a wise father that knows his own child.
10. *Probing.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
11. *Surgery.* There is a divinity that shapes our ends.
12. *Mail service.* All delay is unpleasant, but we are the wiser for it.
13. *Bed pans.* Custom reconciles us to everything.
14. *Diapers.*
Backward, turn backward,
O time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for
to-night.
15. *Scars.* The saying that beauty is but skin deep is but a skin-deep saying.
16. *Prognosis.*
Hope springs eternal in the human
breast;
Man never is, but always to be
blest.
17. *Hot-water bottle.* There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
18. *Laughing gas.*
And if I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep.
19. *Nursery.* Life is a great bundle of things.

Miss Acomb: "Miss Laws, you should go on a diet and take some somersaults."

Miss Laws (next day): I'm on my diet now, but I looked through the drug room and couldn't find the somersaults, will epsom salts do?

"Gee, I made a terrible blunder at dinner last night."

"What happened?"

"Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some corn and I passed my glass."

A WORD TO THE WISE

Mistress: "Mary, when you wait at the table to-night for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry."

Maid: I have nothing valuable, ma'am, but I thank you for the warning."

Nurse (walking in room with baby): "Oh, you have your baby." Goes on to next room.

Instructor: "Why do you turn a patient on the left side when giving an enema?"

Bright Soph: "Because the rectum is on the left side."

Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in alcohol.

Bride's cookbooks give concrete rules for making biscuits.

Some people are like blotters—soak up everything but get it all backwards.

Outsider (passing through, on way to recreation park): "Guess there's a lot of big men born in this town?"

Dr. Gillespie: "No, sir, just babies."

Fortunes are built with backbone, not wishbone.

All work and no play makes Jack, and lots of it.

133: "What would you do if you found a horse in your bathtub?"

135: "Search me."

133: "Pull out the plug."

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APOLOGIES TO WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little nurse,
With thy ever empty purse;
With rolled hose below thy knees
(Shameless creature! Fie on thee!)
With thy red lips, redder still
Than the rouge applied with skill;
With a smile upon thy face,
Painted lies that stay in place;
That eternal, "Get that bell!"
Ah, little nurse, ain't life awful?

—'34.

WIT

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?
In the crown of head what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house, the nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook in his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blade?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on his ears?

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mary Jones without a date! (Or a late leave.)
Nellie Bird coming to class with a notebook?
Any of us getting anywhere on time?
Mary Lee Keffer hungry?
Dr. Ramey to class on time, once?
Smoking on the bus?
Halls all quiet at 10.30 P. M.?
Ruth Kennett without her giggle?
Grace Woodward not knowing the answer?

An old botanical doctor was sending his apprentice out to collect some bark for medicinal purposes.

"Now, Tom," he said, giving last instructions, "I want you to scrape this bark downward because it is for a cathartic. If you scrape it upward it will act as an emetic, and if you scrape it both ways nobody in the world can tell how it will act."

Any girl can be gay in a cozy coupe,
In a taxi it's much the same;
But the girl worth while is the girl
who can smile
When you're walking her home in the rain.

DOUBLE CHECK

A young man came into Dr. Tucker's office with the left side of his chest painted with iodine.

Dr. Tucker (examining patient): "What's all the iodine on your left side for? Your right side seems to have all the trouble. You have rôles over the right side and ought to have pleurisy pains there, too. You haven't a thing wrong with your left lung."

The patient grinned: "I just wanted to see if that lavalliere really worked," he explained, pointing to the stethoscope.

Dr. Martin (examining East Side blonde): "You've got acute appendicitis."

Patient: Don't get fresh! I came here to be examined; not admired.

A TAKING GIRL

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took those gloves I bought for her;
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my time for quite a while;
She took my kisses, maid so shy,
She took, I must confess, my eye;
She took whatever I would buy,
And then she took another guy!

REMEMBER WHEN

Adeline Schubert sprayed Mr. Metzger?

Edith Holder put a patient to bed on the springs?

Ruth Lanter suddenly turned her talents to expert photography?

Sterile nurse, Helen Phillips, calmly unties Dr. Crudgington's gown?

Only riff-raff went to Coney Island? And enjoyed it?

A new method of administering drugs was found. Pituitrin was given per enemata?

Battle was waged on the instructors by catching them unawares and hurling laundry bags at them?

Sara Hopkins looked in the supply cupboard for a clinician?

Irene Welsh went to the office and asked for an extra cupboard to keep Stanley's letters in?

Ott didn't have enough time for all his conversation, so gave it to Madeline in the form of a book?

The time Miss Doughtery tucked Keeler in bed?

When McConnell worked puzzles with Miss Bancroft?

The night Forshey caught thieves stealing the steam engine?

The Senior Class went to pick apples?

A dynamic tonic was discovered and Forshey's hair grew long overnight?

The nurses tried to convert sixth floor into a swimming pool?

Dr. Palmer's lecture was followed so tediously by one Bertha Pate?

Ruth Lanter partook of medicine to increase her appetite?

Irene Welsh so accurately measured internal viscera in Dr. Coppock's class?

Mary Jones wrote to Santa Claus and asked for a new watch that would give warning bells at 11.30 P. M., 11.40 P. M., 11.50 P. M., and a siren at 11.59, so "I can grow up and be a big girl and sign in on time?"

Martha Pfaadt learned how to brush her teeth in Dental Hygiene.

Freeda Howser went child-minded and corporal punishment was inflicted in the form of a ruler?

Dr. Stitt said, "See"?

Dr. Shank refused a glass of vichy?

Dr. Gillespie expressed himself in music and poetry?

Miss Ramsey's patient had a heart attack. "His teeth were chattering and perspiring"?

Edith Holder made gravy with powdered sugar instead of flour?

Miss Acomb was asked to call telephone number "Grapefruit 812 Sour"?

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENTS

Going on 3-11 with a date for Friday night.

Arriving in Public Health class at 4.07.

"Report to the nursing office as soon as you come in."

Your buzzer up—Mistake!

When and if a gate goes up in the tunnel?

Dr. Coppock: "Never heard of it, explain it to me."

"Campus" for a month instead of two weeks.

Late leave gracefully given up the week of the big dance.

Waking up at 6.53 A. M.

Time to go on duty and the jig-saw puzzle not complete.

CHARITY

Jack Twigg
Gave nothing big,
His wife gave nothing small;
And so between them both
They never gave at all.

Miss Linkel (on night duty): "Don't go to sleep, Miss Patterson."

Miss Patterson: "I'm not sleeping, I'm just resting my eyes."

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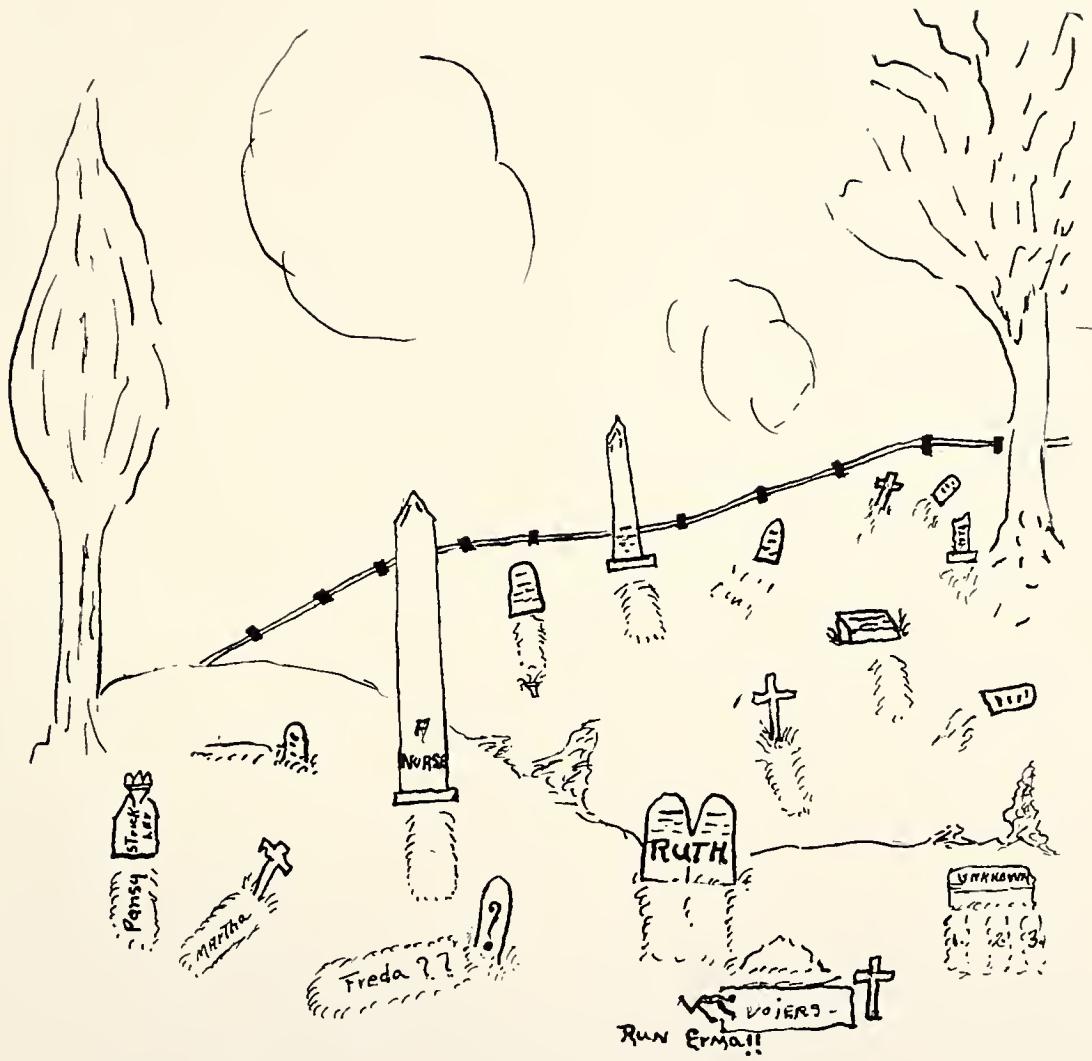
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Epitaphs



Mr. Trautman

DIAMOND WARNER

Died 1950, age 35 years

Our Diamond was brave lassie,
The fear of scalpel she did not vent
But now she lies here, victim of
Those operations she underwent.

FREEDA HOWSER

Died 1970, age 55 years

Oh, Freeda Howser is happy,
As happy as can be,
For she was *good* while living—
How thankful now is she!

ENDA PATE

Died 1937, age 22 years

Poor Edna was curious
And uninvited went
To a stag party of some fine young men
(Which was her natural bent);
She went in slow, she came out fast;
You understand, reader, this could
not last.

MARIE OHMER

Died 1945, age 30 years

Miss Ohmer went up in an aeroplane
To view the countryside,
Miss Ohmer came down in a parachute
That would not open wide.

PANSY STRICKLER

Died 1965, age 50 years

We did not know,
When Pansy was here,
She was so thoughtful,
Kind and dear.

ERMA VOIERS

Died 1950, age 45 years

When duty called and classes, too,
Poor Erma usually was behind;
We wondered when the hearse rolled by
If she was there on time.

ALMA MCKAY

Died 1940, age 28 years

Miss Alma was a fine driver,
But her tale is very sad—
She lost her life in a "Chevie,"
For the love of one fair lad.

MARGARET ROSS

Died 1993, age 90 years

To the victor belongs the spoils;
It is to be regretted that she
Took the expression too literally.

SARA HOPKINS

Died 1955, age 40 years

Sara was a good old scout,
And loved by all was she,
But the watchdog of the lung,
Ended her life too soon.

RUTH KOUSHUETZKY

Died 1940, age 25 years

Ruth made the try;
Went up in the sky
To bring down a record in vaulting;
Ruth missed her perch,
Came down with a lurch
And visited China before halting.

JUNE McCONNELL

Died 1970, age 65 years

Here lies June,
So fair of face
All the men adored
Her exquisite grace,

FIZ KERLIN

Died 1980, age 75 years

Oh, Fiz, your wit and foolishness
And sillness combined,
Together with some common sense
Impressed our every mind.

A. D. 2033

MART FFAADT

Died 1935, aged 23 years

Here lies Mart
By now apart;
She died soon after
He broke her heart.

EDITH HOLDER

Died 1937, age 24 years

To class day Edith came
And led in cheers galore—
In fact, she yelled so loud and long
She made her tonsils sore;
And they interred her as a result
A full five feet or more.

ROXIE JONES

Died 1937, aged 24 years

One of the Jones's took a vacation,
Those Kentucky mountains tramping
round;
But, alas! Her foot did slip
And this is all that ever was found.

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DAISY SMITH

Died 1933, age 22 years

"The Tower" feels quite honored
To have had an editress
Who gave her life in the mad rush
To get it to the press.

MARY FORSHAY AND MARIAN SETZER

When Mary and Marian were living
And walking both along,
It was no easy matter
To recognize them wrong;
But were they not together—
Then sing ye a different song.

FRANCES PATTON

Died 1945, age 29 years

Dear Frances was a good old sport,
In all our work and play;
But all for love of one fair man
She grieved her life away.

RUTH LANTER

Died 1980, age 65 years

Dear Ruth did lead a good life
And go to church did she,
But in the end her heart failed
And under the sod she lies.

—WELSH, 33.

Faculty: "Is there anything worse
than to be old and bent?"

Student Council Payers: "Yes, to be
young and broke."

Dot: "I looked in the parlor when
Corwin was calling on Alma."

Mart: "Well, what did you find out?"
Dot: "The light."

ARMS AND LEGS

We do our tasks, diversified and num-
erous,
By means of ulna, radius and humerous;
But dance like all descendants of the
lemurs,
On tibias, fibulas and femurs.

—Author Unknown.

Dr. Ramey (at close of lecture): "Now,
are there any questions?"

Miss Camden: "Were we supposed
to take notes on that lecture?"

Found on Freshman registration card:
Give name of parents or guardian.
Answer: "Papa and mamma."

CORRECTLY WRAPPED

"Are you looking for something in
men's clothing, sir?" asked the floor-
walker.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I'm
looking for something in women's cloth-
ing. I've lost my wife."

A hick town is one where there is no
place to go that you shouldn't.

Hop: "My father has a bakery and I
can be fed for nothing."

Alma: "That's nothing. My dad's a
preacher and I can be good for nothing."

"I'm always springing something,"
said the mouse as he walked into the
trap after a piece of cheese.

"I guess I'm going to be an under-
taker after all," said the hobo, snatching
a pair of B. D. V's. from the line.

Flannery: "Look at that bride and
groom. Don't they look freshly mar-
ried."

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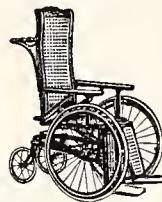
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Dr. Klein (in class): "What is a laminctomy?"

After a long pause a hand waves frantically in air—

Miss Heinz: "I know, it's a Caesarian section on a sheep."

CUTTING IN

Margery had been watching a fashionable wedding from outside the church. Returning home she reported: "Well, I can't make out who she married. She went in with quite an old man and came out with a different one altogether."

Edna Young: "I dreamed I saw the steps to heaven last night."

Freeda Howser: "Well, I guess you took them two at a time."

Edna Young: "Nope, waited for the elevator and the darn thing went down."

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Miss Phair: "Miss Culpepper, name three parts of intestines."

Miss Culpepper (promptly): Duodenum, illium, and Odessey.

Dr. Rush (to Miss Loughman): "My, you're a moody person."

Miss Loughman (laughing): "Oh, not nearly so temperamental as you."

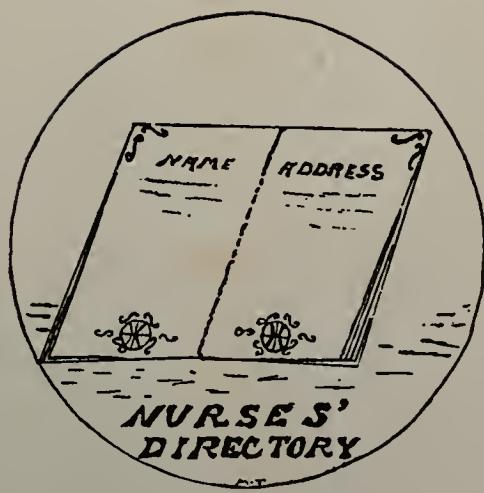
Dr. Rush: "You've never seen me display my temper or moods."

Miss Porter: "I think the patient in 202 needs his medicine. Miss Keffer, will you give it?"

Miss Keffer: "No, I haven't left room for it on the chart."

Miss Halle (Dietetic Class): "Is there any link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Miss Mueller (after deep thought): "Yes mam, there's hash."



**NURSES'
DIRECTORY**

Nurses' Directory

ANDERSON, MARY M.	649 Mirabeau Street, Greenfield, Ohio
BEATTY, MARY L.	1331 Paxton Road, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio
BOURNE, LELLIA B.	Stanford, Ky.
BUCHANAN, ELMA E.	63 South Washington Street, Delaware, Ohio
CAIN, VIRGINIA M.	186 Scioto Avenue, Chillicothe, Ohio
COOPER, VELMA M.	401 North Main Street, Georgetown, Ohio
CUNDIFF, MARY M.	311 West Hickman Street, Winchester, Ky.
FLANNERY, EDNA L.	1609 Clayton Street, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio
FORSHEY, MARY E.	Lowell, Ohio
HEINZ, MIRIAM M.	44 Henry Avenue, Ft. Thomas, Ky.
HERSHEY, RUTH E.	6858 Kenton Avenue, Silverton, Ohio
HOLDER, EDITH M.	421 Millville Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio
HOPKINS, SARA E.	329 West South Street, Hillsboro, Ohio
HOWSER, FREEDA L.	Georgetown, Ohio
JONES, ROXIE A.	Wallins, Ky.
KEELER, BEATRICE V.	Lynchburg, Ohio
KERLIN, PHYLLIS B.	411 West Third Street, Greenville, Ohio
KOUSCHUETZKY, RUTH E.	3862 Millsbrae Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio
LAMPE, FRANCES E.	North Bend Road, Cheviot, Ohio
LANDIS, HELEN G.	Pleasant Hill, Ohio
LANTER, RUTH	Dry Ridge, Ky.
LEIGHNINGER, FRANCES B.	825 North Main Street, Bellefontaine, Ohio
McCONNELL, JUNE R.	Gate City, Va.
McKAY, ALMA M.	Reading, Ohio
McQUISTON, DOROTHEA I.	120 South Beech Street, Oxford, Ohio
MILLER, ETHEL A.	230 South Walnut Avenue, Sidney, Ohio
MUSSEY, LOUISE M.	Batavia, Ohio
NOODEL, LAURA A.	R. F. D. No. 3, Pontiac, Mich.
OHMER, MARIE A.	2126 North Main Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio
PATE, EDNA O.	Dillsboro, Ind.
PATTON, FRANCES M.	823 North Ft. Thomas Avenue, Ft. Thomas, Ky.
PFAADT, MARTHA E.	Sidney, Ohio
RAMSEY, MILDRED	Sneedville, Tenn.
ROOT, MADELINE P.	3765 Paxton Road, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio
ROSS, MARGARET E.	R. R. No. 2, Mason, Ohio
SCHRODER, EVELYN C.	Patriot, Ind.
SCHUBERT, ADELINE L.	221 North "F" Street, Hamilton, Ohio
SEIFERT, OLIVE L.	924 Grand Avenue, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio
SLANE, WILMA	Lewistown, Ohio
SMITH, DAISY E.	431 Park Avenue, Loveland, Ohio
STRICKLER, OPAL P.	520 Second Street, Marietta, Ohio
TRAUTMAN, MANZANETA E.	317 North Madriver, Bellefontaine, Ohio
VOIERS, ERMA L.	Kennedy Heights, Cincinnati, Ohio
WARNER, DIAMOND I.	Dayton, Ohio
WELSH, IRENE	Eaton, Ohio
YOUNG, EDNA	Derryville, Ky.

